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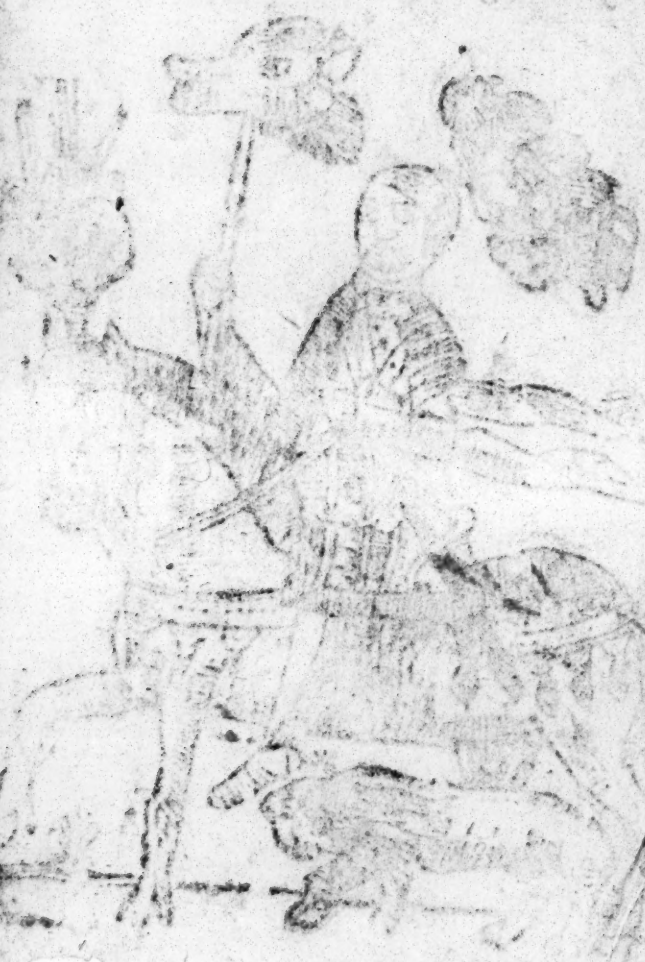

Yk. A 4° f. 1481

See here brave Guy *in all his Warlike Pride,*
With a Fierce Lion *walking by his Side,*
Which from a monſtrous Dragon *he deliver'd;*
At whoſe fell Rage the Princely Lion *quiver'd.*

Nor was there any monſtrous Giant, *who*
He did not both Engage, *and* Conquer *too:*
For Giauts, Dragons Boar, *and* Dunſmore Cow,
To Guy's *all-conquering Arm were forc'd to bow.*

The Noble and Renowned

HISTORY

OF

GUY Earl of *Warwick*:

CONTAINING

A Full and True Account of his many Famous and Valiant Actions, Remarkable and Brave Exploits, and Noble and Renowned Victories.

Also his Courtship to fair *Phælice*, Earl *Roband*'s Daughter and Heiress; and the many Difficulties and Hazards he went thorow, to obtain her Love.

Extracted from Auth[illegible] Records; and the Whole Illustrated with Cuts suitable to the History.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON:
Printed for *A. Bettesworth*, at the Red Lion in *Pater-noster-row*, 1720.

TO THE

Honour'd and worthy FRIEND,

Mr. *Zachariah Heyward*,

Citizen of *LONDON*.

Honoured Sir,

TWO Things emboldened me to make this Dedication to you; the one was the Remembrance of the many Favours I have formerly received from you, which are ſo deeply engraven in my Breaſt, that as I never can forget 'em, without incurring the black Brand of Ingratitude, ſo I wou'd fain tranſmit the Memory of them to Poſterity; and make your worthy Name as laſting as that of the great *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*. Tho' I muſt acknowledge, yourſelf has taken a better Way to tranſmit your Name, even to the End of Time, by thoſe many living Images of yourſelf, which you will leave behind you, of which the Principal is Mr. *Hyde Hayward*, a very hopeful young Gentleman, and worthy to be the Son of ſuch a Father.

The ſecond Reaſon that mov'd me to this Dedication, was, The Love which I am ſure you have for your Native Country; and the Honour you bear to the Memory of thoſe Heroes which have ſignaliz'd themſelves on the behalf hereof in former Ages; of which our noble *Guy* was none of the meaneſt: For had he not been one of the chief *Worthies* of the Age he liv'd in, King *Athelſtone*, in whoſe Reign he flouriſh'd, wou'd never have ventur'd the whole Realm of *England* upon his Combat with a *Dane*; which he both undertook and perform'd, to the eternal Honour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

Thus, having given you the Reaſon of my Preſumption in this Dedication, and hoping you will accept it accordingly, I will add no more; but, That yourſelf and your vertuous Lady may live many Years, to enjoy thoſe Bleſſings, which Heaven has ſo bountifully beſtow'd upon you, is the ſincere Prayer and hearty Deſire of

Your obliged humble Servant, G. L.

A

POEM

In Praiſe of the following

HISTORY.

YOU that in all Warlike Stories take Delight,
Come ſee the noble Deeds of Warwick*'s Knight:*
Whoſe worth within this Hiſtory is plac'd,
Like Diamonds, when they're in Gold inchas'd.
Here you his Armour, bruis'd with Blows may view,
His broken Launce, and his great Faulchion too:
His valiant Combats with his Foes in Field,
His Sword all bloody, and his battered Shield.
How lovely in this Dreſs does he appear,
Freeing diſtreſſed Ladies from their Fear?
His greateſt Foes he always made retire,
And thoſe that ſaw him, cou'd not but admire;
His Courage made the haughty Colebron *yield,*
And all the Daniſh Army fly the Field:
Nor only againſt Men did he prevail,
For he wou'd the moſt ſavage Beaſts aſſail,
Witneſs the monſtrous Cow on Dunſmore-Heath,
Within whoſe Bowels he his Sword did ſheathe:
Witneſs, that Dragon, whoſe envenom'd Breath
Had almoſt like t'have been a Lion's Death;

Yet

Yet this fell Beaſt, tho' pointed round with Flame,
To Guy's *bright Sword a Victim ſoon became.*
And witneſs alſo that prodigious Boar,
Whom his reſiſtleſs Courage caus'd to roar;
This mighty Monſter having ſtricken dead,
He, as a Trophy, carry'd off his Head.
He, in like manner, ſerv'd a Dragon too,
Who in Northumberland *he alſo ſlew.*
Then, who can be compar'd to enble Guy,
Who with his Blood his Fame did always buy?
He ever was a ſtranger unto Fear,
Delighting always in his Sword and Spear.
Here, Reader, thou his wondrous Acts may ſee-
And without Danger a Spectator be
Of all thoſe Dangers which he oft was in,
And by O'er-coming did his Honour win.
And as thou read'ſt, be this remember'd too,
It was an Engliſh-man all this did do.
And yet our Guy *had not ſo fierce a Breaſt,*
But Love could in his Boſom take her Reſt;
For tho' he'd oft been wounded, yet he found
Fair Phælice *gave to him the deepeſt Wound.*
Upon the Whole, this I dare boldly write,
No Man could better Love, nor better Fight-

THE HISTORY OF *GUY* Earl of *Warwick*.

CHAP. I.

An Account of his Parents, Birth, and youthful Exploits; and how he fell in Love with Earl Roband's *beautiful Daughter, who deſpiſed his Suit.*

I Shall not Trouble the Reader with a long Genealogy of the Deſcent of our famous *Guy* of *Warwick*; (the Subject of our enſuing Hiſtory) it ſhall therefore ſuffice to tell the Reader, That in the ſixth Year of the Reign of King *Edgar* the Great, this our famous *Guy* was born in the City of *Warwick*; His Father was a Gentleman of *Northumberland*, in which Country he had been (in the time of the Mercian Kings) the Poſſeſſor of a fair Eſtate;

ſtate: But the Arms of King *Edgar* prevailing over the King of *Mercia*, as well the reſt of the Saxon Kings that conſtituted the Heptarchy, *Guyraldus Caſſibilanus*, (for that was the Name of *Guy*'s Father) being engag'd on the behalf of the King of *Mercia*, whoſe Subject he was, loſt his Eſtate in the Quarrel And afterwards ſeeking to mend his Fortune in our more Southern Climates, he came to *Warwick*, and was ſo well receiv'd of the Gentry there, but eſpecially of Earl *Roband*, who was then the King's Governour both of the Town and Caſtle, that he made him his Steward, in which Place he ſo well acquitted himſelf, that he married the Daughter of an Eminent Knight in that Town, and by her he had a Son, who at his very Birth look'd like a Hero, and whom his Father nam'd *Guy*, and who, in proceſs of time, became Earl of *Warwick*, whoſe Life and noble Actions are the Subject of our preſent Hiſtory. There was not wanting ſome Preſages of his future Greatneſs even before he was born; particularly his Mother, during her Pregnancy, dream'd that ſhe ſaw *Mars* deſcend in a bloody Chariot drawn by two fiery Dragons; and telling her, that the Infant contain'd in her Womb, ſhould ſo excel in Arms, that he ſhould be the Glory of this Nation, and the Terror of the

Pa-

Pagan World: Which Dream ſhe diſcovered to the Counteſs of *Warwick*, above a Month before ſhe was delivered of him. And indeed, being born, he gave early Proofs of his being an extraordinary Man; for he was ſcarce come to be eight Years old, before he gave the World ſome early Prognoſticks of his great Strength and martial Genius, by beginning to practiſe Running, Wreſtling, throwing Stones, and other Exerciſes, even above what his young Years were capable of; exceeding thoſe that were both Older and Bigger than himſelf; and for which he was obſerved by all Spectators. And as he grew more towards Maturity, he delighted in Hardſhips, and ſuch Exerciſes as required both Strength and Labour; ſo that at Sixteen there was but few that durſt Encounter with him; for then he would uſe to enter the Liſts, and always come off Victorious: Which coming to Earl *Roband's* Ear, he ſent for him, and entertained him at Dinner with himſelf and ſeveral of the Gentry of the Country; who were very well pleas'd with his Converſation; after which he play'd ſeveral Prizes fore the Earl, carrying the Day, whatever he play'd with.

But by being at the Earl's Houſe, he came to have a ſight of the fair *Phælice*, his beau-

beautiful Daughter, with whom he was ſo extreamly taken, that nothing but ſhe could ſatisfy him. She was ind ed ſo fair, that ſhe could not be ſeen, without being lov'd. She was ſo fair, *Venus* herſelf could never boaſt more Beauty; and had ſhe but been preſent at the famous Conteſt between *Juno*, *Palla* and *Venus*, about the golden Apples, on which was writ, *Let it be given to the Faireſt*, ſhe had certainly born away the Prize from 'em all. And ſome have affirm'd, that all the Odds between *Venus* and She, was, That *Venus* had a Mole, and ſhe had none: For ſhe had moſt directly *Venus*'s Hair, the ſame high Forehead and attractive Eyes: The Roſes and the Lillies in her Cheeks were mix'd with that Equality, that none could ſay which of 'em had the Aſcendant: her Lips were of a perfect Coral-dye, nor could the Ivory match her Teeth for Whiteneſs: She was indeed from Head to Foot the Mirror of all Comlineſs; an Engliſh Fhœnix, the only ſupreme Fair; of whom it was the general Opinion, Beauty could no where but in *Phœlice*'s Face be found in its Perfection. But theſe Perfections were ſo many Da gers ſticking poor *Guy* to the Heart; ſ *Guy* imagin'd theſe charming Looks of her did unto him dart nothing but Diſdain; and that which his Eyes look'd on with De-

light

light did nothing elſe but fill his Heart with Pain. One while her Smiles gave him Encouragement, another time the Sternneſs of her Looks toſs'd him upon the Billows of Deſpair. He'd often ſigh at the Capriciouſneſs of Fortune, that ſhe ſhou'd deal ſo very ſtrangely by him, to give a Wound that Beauty wou'd not heal. Then, recollecting of himſelf, he'd ſay, *Fond Man, why will not Beauty heal thy Wound? Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf and thy fair Goddeſs too? For, who can know a Woman's Heart by her Looks? And looking on her is all that thou haſt done. Well, now I'll take a Courſe ſhall be more reſolute: I'll ſpeak, or let her know my Mind by Writing. But if I ſhould, can I have any Hopes that ſhe wou'd hear my Words, or read my Lines? She is Earl* Roband's *Heir, and born too high to liſten to ſuch poor Deſigns as mine. For, tho' I am a Gentleman by Birth, yet I no Earldoms have, nor Lordſhips neither; and Women are exceedingly ambitious; and mounting up upon the Wings of Pride, do oftner match themſelves for worldly Treaſure, than for that ſacred Love that's far more precious; which makes ſome rather wiſh there were no Gold, than Love ſhou'd be ſo baſely ſold for it. And if my* Phælice *ſhe ſhou'd be ſuch a One, what will my Words againſt both or Sighs prevail? I only ſtrive againſt Torments Wind and Tide, and heap continual Torments on my Soul. Why ſhould I then attempt with waxen*

waxen Wings to fly where Phœbus's Chariot burns so brightly? But hold, said he again, thou timerous Lover, and baniſh Fear, or let thy Paſſion go: Be reſolute, and thou ſhalt have Succeſs; for Phælice, doubtleſs has a tender Heart; and he that ſhoots Love's Darts may well befriend thee, becauſe thy Love's ſo like his Mother's Picture. I am reſolv'd to go to Phælice's Bower, and from as true a Heart as Fleſh can yield, intreat her in a happy hour to hear me, and with kind Pity to remove my Sorrows; to look upon me with a tender Breaſt, ſince as her Love's inclin'd, I hold my Life.

This ſaid, he unto *Warwick* Caſtle goes, where the rich Jewel of his Heart remained; Earl *Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares to entertain him with a Match at Hunting: but he to that lends an unwilling Ear, and to prevent it, pretends ſudden Sickneſs. The Earl was griev'd at this Alteration, and therefore ſent his own Phyſician to him, who told him, that the only Remedy conſiſted in his being preſently let Blood, and that his Body under that Diſtemper was very difficult and hard to cure.

To which *Guy* thus replied: *Doctor I do applaud your Judgment, and know full well that what you ſay is true. I find myſelf exmight but touch, but there is a Flower, which, if I all the Skill of Gal and Hypocrates to boot:*

'Tis

'Tis called by a pretty pleasing Name, and I think Phælix *soundeth something like it.*

I know it not, reply'd the Doctor to him, *nor is there in the Herbal any Flower that beareth such a Name, as I remember.*

Yes, yes, said *Guy*, *I am sure there's such a Flower; and that 'tis to be got within this Castle; nor doth it grow far off from yonder Tower. But, Doctor, I can find it out myself, and therefore will not give you so much Trouble.* On which, the Doctor left him. Whilst *Guy* bemoaning his unhappy State, sat sighing by a Window all alone, which Window had a very curious Prospect into a pleasant and delightful Garden; in which, as suddenly he cast his Eye, he saw the adored Empress of his Thoughts, which did so much exhilerate his Soul, that he despis'd Physicians and their Potions. Fear now was banish'd, and Hope reign'd as King. *This is the lucky Time*, said *Guy* to himself, *which I so long have waited for. Now the bright Sun of Fortune shines upon me. Now may I end the Grief that Love began, and Court my Destiny while thus she smiles. Now will I enter into yonder Shade, to court the only Paragon of Beauty.* Phælice, *I come: Now* Cupid, *now assist me: Prepare an Arrow ready for thy Bow, and send it to the Heart of her I love. And since I never went a Wooing yet, be now propitious*

to me. Give ſuch prevailing Rhetorick to my Tongue, that Phælice's *Heart may hang upon my Lips. But above all, grant this, O gentle* Cupid, *that when I make moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of my ſincere and ever conſtant Love, ſhe may believe my Words.*

Then down with ſpeed he goes unto the Garden, where ſoftly knocking, he was ſoon let in by a young Maid that waited upon *Phælice*; who ſeeing him, and thinking he had been ſent thither by her Father, as he was coming towards her, roſe up to meet him: Whom *Guy*, with Love's enchanting Eye beholding, with a becoming Mein, accoſts her thus:

Faireſt of all the curious Works of Nature, whoſe Equal never breath'd in common Air,

more

more wonderful than any Earth can yield, the bright Idea of Celeſtial Beauty. Eternal Honour wait upon thy Name. The Suit I have to thee is much like that which once Leander *came to* Hero *with, hoping thereby to reap more lovely Fruit than ever* Mars *gain'd from the Queen of Love, when he out-witted* Vulcan. *The Preſent which I bring is a Heart fill'd with Love, and Love can only ſatisfy my Soul. Incline then, Madam, to my humble Motion: Compaſſionate the Griefs that I endure, and let that Life that reſts at your Devotion be regarded. With Pity take my dying Heart in cure, and let it not expire in groaning Torments; nor burſt with Grief, becauſe too well it loves thee. I know, dear* Phœlice, *that great Princes I've thee, and Deeds of Honour for thy ſake have done. But neither King nor Prince can love thee more, no, nor ſo much as I, tho' but the Son of thy great Father's Steward. For, ſo ineſtimable is my Love, that whatſoe'er all others ſhall pretend, can never countervail it.*

Whilſt thus poor *Guy* was making Proteſtations, *Phœlice* thus interrupts him:

O, gentle Youth, ſpeak not of Love, I pray thee; for that's a thing I have no mind to hear of. Virginity with me ſhall live and dye. Love is compos'd of Play and Idleneſs, and leadeth only unto vain Delight. Beſides, it is in thee too great a Boldneſs; for thou art inferiour far to my Degree: And ſhou'd thy Love

he to my Father told, I know it would procure thee a Reproof. And therefore learn Inſtruction from the Proverb, That Princely Eagles ſcorn to catch at Flies. *Then if thou in thy Suit would'ſt have Succeſs, let thy Deſires be equal to thy Fortune, and aim not at thoſe things that are above it. Thou own'ſt thyſelf, Princes have courted me, then why ſhould I, that have refus'd their Courtſhip, ſtoop down ſo low, as to my Father's Steward; nay, lower yet, unto his Steward's Son? My Youth and Beauty is but in its Bloom, and I have no mind to throw't away, on one that is ſo much inferiour to me.* And with this Anſwer ſhe departed from him, leaving poor *Guy* more troubled now than ever; for now, grown almoſt hopeleſs in his Love, he never does expect its Comforts more:

But all his Time he does to Sorrow give,
Wiſhing each Day the laſt that he may live.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How Guy, *after his being deſpiſed by* Phælice, *grew almoſt diſtracted, till ſhe, being admoniſhed by a Viſion, ſhews herſelf more favourable unto him.*

LOaded with Grief, poor *Guy* cou'd take no Reſt, diſtracted in his melancholly Mind, refuſing all things that delightful ſeem'd as harſh, diſtaſtful, and abhorred by him. *Phælice* denies him Love, and ſlights his Suit; and then what Comfort can the World afford him? He looks like one, whom Fate has doom'd to Death. And like *Oreſtes* in his frantick Fits, he tears the golden Treſſes from his Head; or mad *Orlando*, when of Senſe depriv'd,

from whom the Uſe of Reaſon is departed; ſo fares it with this Love-tormented Man, whoſe raging Thoughts run all into Diſorder. Society he ſhuns, and keeps alone, a curſing Deſtiny, and curſing Beauty. He is a Friend to none, but hates himſelf, beyond the Bounds of Nature and of Love. *Venus*, cries he, how are thy Laws forgot, to puniſh him who never did offend thee? What is the Cauſe that I am thus rejected? Who interrupts my Love to Beauty's Mirror? I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*, there to be plagu'd with never ceaſing Tortures. I'll to the Court of *Jove*, where my loud Shouts ſhall, with their Clamour, rend the very Skies. Shall I be cozen'd, as *Orpheus* was? Aſſiſt me *Theſeus*, to revenge this Wrong. Where's *Rhadamant*, that Juſtice cannot paſs? *Euridice* even for a Song is ſold. Friends, Furies, Goblins, Hydra's, for a Fall I am prepar'd to manage every one of you. I'll mount upon the Back of *Pegaſus*, and in bright *Phœbus*'s Flames I'll wrap myſelf. Then will I tumble windy *Æolus* to ſleep in *Thetis*'s watry cryſtal Lap. From thence I'll poſt unto the Torrid Zone, to find which Way fair *Phælice*'s Love is fled. *Jaſon* had luck to win the golden Fleece: I like the Skin, but care not for the Horns. Fair *Hellen* was a wanton *Grecian* Wench. Bold

Mars

Mars will venture; *Venus* cannot help it. Truſt a fair Face! Not I; let him that liſt. What's *Hercules* without a Club in's Hand?

Thus of his Senſes was poor *Guy* deprived; thus did he rave and ſay he knew not what, being left by Love as blind as *Cupid*'s Eyes, till Reaſon re-aſſuming her Rule again, and wild diſorder'd Paſſions ceaſe to tyrannize. For in Nocturnal Viſions *Phælice* ſaw the Power of Love, and gave to *Guy* her Heart.

When *Morpheus*, drowſy Serjeant of the Night, had, with his leaden Key, lock'd up the Senſe, and laid on *Phælice*'s Eyes his ſable Mace, the Heart-tormentor, *Cupid*, he that wounds and makes poor Lovers buy their Bargains dear, ſends from his Bow a golden-headed Shaft, and wounded *Phælice* in her Maiden-bed; and to her Sight preſents a Martial Man, in Armour clad, and fit for all Encounters. Give him thy Heart, ſaid he, for he deſerves it. For comely Shape and Limbs, Courage and Valour, the World hath not a Champion that is like him. Great Honour, Lady, thou ſhalt thereby gain, to adorn thy Birth, that's Noble and Renowned. He ſhall aſpire to ſuch a height of Fame, that Kings and Princes ſhall his Friendſhip covet. He ſhall the Glory of his Country be, and by

the Sword perform ſuch wondrous things, that Kings ſhall court him to become their Champion. Be not ambitious then that thou art Highborn, nor be diſdainful of a mean Eſtate. Be not defiled then with a ſcornful Soul, nor lifted up 'cauſe Heaven has made thee fair; for 'tis in vain againſt my Bow to ſtrive. If I ſay *Love*, it muſt and ſhall be ſo. Fix not thy Thoughts then upon worldly Wealth, for Coin has no Affinity to Love, although by ſtealth it draws away the Heart. Nor can theſe Money-matches e'er be happy; for as the Goods of *Fortune* do decay, ſo does that Love which they beget conſume. I know the Sway that golden Treaſures bear, by falſe Illuſions, and by baſe Deceits, and ſee how Womens Humours, now-a-days, runs after Riches to their own confuſion. I ſee that every abject Country Peaſant, with Gold enough, can buy a dainty Wife. But, *Phœlice*, if thou knew'ſt as well as I, how much diſpleas'd Heaven is at ſuch Abuſes, thoud'ſt ſcorn that ever Virgins ſhould be ſold for Gold and Silver, as your Cattle are. Love muſt be ſimple, harmleſs, plain and pure, and grounded upon a ſincere Affection; and it muſt likewiſe be reciprocal; or elſe it is not as it ought to be. Love's inward Thoughts too, muſt in outward Deeds (ſuch as from ſacred

Truth proceed) concur. Thy Lover comes not for Advancement to thee, becauſe thy Father is a worthy Earl; nor for *Arabian* Spice, nor *Indian* Gems; but as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came, 'twas only to enjoy thy Love and Beauty. Therefore, ſweet Virgin, uſe him well and kindly; make much of him, embrace him for thy own, and let him in thy Heart have a chief Place: Let him no longer for thee moan and grieve, but when thou ſeeſt him next, give him Encouragement; and, in the Arms of thy Affection let him be Embrac'd. ——— And with that Word *Embrac'd*, he ſhot, and hit the very Center of her tender Heart, Feeling the Wound, ſhe ſtarts, and then awak'd, being thereby taught to pity ſmarting Lovers; for *Cupid* to the Head his Arrow drew, becauſe he would be ſure it ſhould hit home. With that, ſhe fetcht a very grievous Sigh, and from her Eyes a Shower of Tears did fall. Where is *(quoth ſhe)* the gentle Love God gone, whoſe Power I find ſo powerful over all? O call him back, my Fault I do confeſs; I have in Love been too void of Pity. Sweet Boy, ſolicit for me to thy Mother; for at her Altars now I'll ſacrifice; and from henceforth no other I'll adore. No Goddeſs in my Ears ſhall gracious be, but ſhe who hath the all

ſubduing

ſubduing Power of Conquering with Delight obdurate Hearts. Compaſſion now hath worthy Conqueſt made of that ſtrong Fort that did Reſiſtance make. To make a League, one Shaft had been ſufficient; a League for Life, a Truce that laſts till Death.

Guy more than Life prefers his *Phælice*'s Love: *Phælice* loves him as dear as he doth her; but 'tis, alas! to him as yet unknown, tho' he made his Apparent long before. That now ſhe's his, he don't yet underſtand; his Wound ſtill bleeds, and there's no Salve apply'd: Till forc'd by's Paſſion, and the Pain he feels, he boldly thus his ſecond Suit begins:

Phælice, I have been long ago arraign'd, and now I from your Hand expect my Judgment. I have been Priſoner in a Goal of Woe, ſo long, that now I do demand my Sentence. O ſpeak unto me either Life or Death; for I am quite grown weary of my Life. In that fair Form of thine, if Kindneſs dwell, expreſs it with [*I love*,] if none there be, then ſay, [*I cannot unto Love incline*] Thus thou with me may'ſt make a quick Diſpatch: Let then thy Frowns or Smiles declare my Fate. For, for this Kingdom's Crown, I'd not endure thoſe wracking Pains that now I undergo.

Phælice

Phælice reply'd, 'Tis not at my diſpoſe to yield to love, without my Friends Conſent; for then ſhould I be guilty of the Crime of being diſobedient to my Parents. You know my Father's Greatneſs in the Land; and if he ſhou'd (as probably he will) refuſe the Love of one he thinks too mean; how cou'd we bear the Stroke Diſgrace would ſtrike? No Remedy but Death cou'd eaſe my Sorrow, and Shame wou'd ſoon become my Winding-ſheet.

O doubt not of your Father in this Caſe, (replied *Guy*) for *Warwick*'s Noble Earl ſhall ſee ſuch Deeds of Valour done by me, he neither will, nor can deny the Match. Enjoyn me what Adventures thou think'ſt fit, that Wounds and Scars may let my Body blood.

Why then, quoth *Phælice*, make thy Valour ſhine throughout the World as glorious as the Sun; and I'll to thee give my Heart, Soul, and Life; and which ſhall crown the reſt, my trueſt Love. Let Deeds of Honour by thy Hands be done; and by a Martial Life enhance thy Fame; and for a Recompence of all thy Toil, take *Phælice* for thy true and lawful Wife.

To gain thy Love, ſaid *Guy*, I ask no more, and ſhall eſteem it bought at an eaſie Rate. O that I were at work, my Task

to prove, with ſome ſuch churliſh Man as *Hercules*.

Phælice, *This Kiſs is all that now I crave;*
And till I've purchas'd Fame, no more I'll have.

CHAP. III.

How Guy, *taking Leave of* Phælice, *took Shipping for* France, *and landed in* Normandy, *where he fought with three Champions, delivering a fair Lady, who was condemn'd to dye.*

GUY, now by *Phælice*, freed from Sorrow's Thrall, arms his great Thoughts with Honour's Enterprize, and ſo imbarking, ſails away for *France*, leaving behind him *England*, and his Joy. He ſeeks for Enemies,

mies, he longs for Foes, and deſires nothing more than a fair Opportunity to ſignalize the Glory of his Arms. And being ſafe arriv'd in *Normandy*, having eſcap'd the Fury of a Storm, *Guy* and the Captain of the Veſſel went both aſhore, and there refreſhed themſelves, but had not long been there, before their Ears were deafned with the loud Shouts of a Multitude of People, and with the louder Noiſe of Drums and Trumpets; this Warlike Noiſe extreamly pleas'd our *Guy*, for now he thought there would be Work for him, who wanted nothing more than ſome Encounter. Therefore enquiring of his Hoſt, the Cauſes of thoſe loud Noiſes that he heard without; he told him, That a beautiful young Lady, whoſe Name was call'd *Dorinda*, having been raviſh'd by the Duke of *Blois* his Son, and charg'd him with the Crime; ſhe was committed by the Duke his Father unto Priſon, as one that had accus'd him falſly of the Crime; and that three Ruffians were ſuborn'd to ſwear, ſhe laid that Crime to him on purpoſe to prevent his Marriage with the Princeſs of *Parma*, that ſhe might be reveng'd for Breach of Promiſe made to her; which ſo incenſed the old Duke, that he condemn'd her to be burnt, unleſs ſhe had a Champion to vindicate her Innocence,

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by fighting with her three Accuſers. This News pleas'd *Guy*, who was reſolv'd to vindicate the Innocent, and lay here a Foundation for his future Fame. So that enquiring farther into it, and finding that the Cauſe he was about to undertake was juſt, he preſently gave order for his Horſe and Arms to be got ready; and ſo accoutring himſelf in his warlike Habiliments, he took his Leave of his Hoſt and of the Captain, who had in vain endeavour'd to diſſuade him from it. And having deſir'd the Captain (who would willingly have gone along with him to wait for his Return, he rid to the Place of Combat, where he ſaw the Lady faſten'd to the Stake with ſeveral Friends about her, lamenting for her hard Fate. *Guy* ſcarce had time to take a View of her, before thoſe Villains who had falſly accus'd her, enter'd the Liſts well Arm'd and Mounted, and proudly wheeling to the Right and Left, they made a ſtand; one of them demanding in a very haughty manner, Whether any there preſent durſt enter the Liſts to vindicate the Innocence of that condemn'd Criminal: Let him come forth, and I ſhall ſoon (ſaid he) make him repent his raſh and unadviſed Undertaking. This ſet *Guy* all on fire, who thereupon entering the Liſts, rid up, and ſaid, Yes, here's

here's a Man, thou perjur'd Villain, that dares vindicate a wronged Ladies Honour; and know, that I ſo little fear you, that I'll revenge her Quarrel, not ſingly, with one only, but with you all together, that ſo the Matter may be ſooner ended. This Speech of *Guy*'s ſo much enrag'd his Adverſary, that giving Order for the Trumpets ſounding, both couch'd their Spears,

and ſo encounter'd each other; and with ſo much Fury, that the Earth trembled under them; but *Guy* had ſo much the Advantage, that coming with his Spear directly on his Adverſary's Breaſt, he found a Paſſage thro' it to his Heart, ſo that he ſtrait fell down, and with one Groan expir'd. The remaining Combatants vowing

ing Revenge for their Companion's Death, charg'd both with deſperate Fury upon *Guy*, who thereupon drew out his maſſy and well-temper'd Blade, and brandiſhing it in his Hand, ſoon made 'em feel 'twas like the Sword of Fate, which there was no withſtanding; ſo that one falling dead by his Companion, and the other being wounded, begg'd on his Knees that Life he had ſo juſtly forfeited; which that he might more eaſily obtain, he made a free Confeſſion of his Crime, and ſhew'd how they had all been hired to accuſe the Lady, by *Philbertus* the Duke's Son, who really was guilty; and, for a thouſand Crowns has hir'd 'em all to bear falſe Witneſs for him, againſt that Lady whom he had abus'd.

This full Diſcovery caus'd thro' all the Field an univerſal Shout; each magnifying the Valour and the Generoſity of *Guy*; and we may be aſſured the Lady was not behindhand in ſounding out the Praiſe of her Deliverer; but who this generous Stranger was, was what all wiſh'd to know, but none cou'd tell. When he alighted and unbound her, ſhe joyfully embrac'd his Knees, imploring of a thouſand Bleſſings on his Head, offering what Rewards he pleas'd to have. But he refus'd 'em all, telling her, what he did was out of love to Vertue and to Honour. But wiſh'd her to take Care for her own

own Safety, by timely getting out of the Duke's Power, leſt he ſhou'd uſe ſome other means to take away her Life. So bidding her Farewel, he rid back to the Ship, and there related to the Captain what befel him, who, with no little Joy, heard the Relation. Yet, after ſome Conſideration, it was judg'd beſt to ſtay no longer in that Harbour; and ſo they weigh'd their Anchors, and ſail'd out to Sea.

Thus did brave Guy *a treble Victory win,*
Or elſe the Lady in bad Plight had bin.

CHAP. IV.

How Philbertus, *the Duke of* Blois's *Son, hearing what* Guy *had done, follow'd him to Sea; where a dreadful Fight happened between them, in which* Philbertus *and his Men were taken Priſoners.*

AS much haſt as *Guy* and the Captain made to get out of the Harbour, yet they were not got altogether out of Danger. For *Philbertus* being inform'd, that one *Guy*, a Native of *England*, had not only overcome his Knights of the Poſt, but rhat his Villany was alſo thereby diſcover'd, and the injur'd lady freed, and got out of his reach; it made his Anger boil up to the utmoſt pitch of Rage, threatning to wreak his Malice on the Head of *Guy*, for doing him ſo great

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an Injury. And therefore ſecretly arm'd Sixty of his Servants and Attendants, and with them made all the haſte imaginable to the Port where he had Information *Guy*'s Ship lay, thinking to ſuprize him, and the Lady there together. But finding himſelf diſappoint d, and that *Guy* had ſet ſail three Hours before his coming, his Diſappointment made his Rage boil higher, eſpecially believing *Guy* fled for fear of him; and that he was alſo conveying the Lady away with him. Whereupon going on board a ſtout Veſſel that lay in that Harbour, he commanded them to weigh Anchor, and make all the ſail they cou'd after the *Engliſh* Ship, whom by a ſmall Boat juſt come into Port, he was inform'd was ſail'd to the Eaſtward. The Marriners immediately got ready, and having a fair Wind, and the Ship being a very good ſailer, in the running of a Glaſs and an half, they came within ſight of the Ship wherein *Guy* was. No ſooner was the *French* Ship come in ſight, but the Mariners gave notice of it to their Captains, who viewing of the Ship with his Proſpect-Glaſs, told *Guy*, that he was ſure they were purſu'd: And that the Enemy being treble their Number, their beſt way was to hoiſt up all their Sails and make the beſt of their Way; and that then by the help of the Even-

Evening, he did not doubt but to get clear of 'em. Why how many Ships, ſaid *Guy*, are they that chaſe us? Why, ſaid the Captain, I diſcern no more than one at preſent; but 'tis a good ſtout Ship, and carries thrice the Men on board that we do. Well, well, ſaid *Guy*, if that be all, be of good Courage; and the firſt thing we do, let's tack about, and meet 'em like couragious *Engliſh* Men; I'll bear the Brunt of War myſelf alone. I wou'd not for the Crown of *France*, I'll ſwear, have it reported that *Guy* ever fled. This Speech had that Effect upon the Seamen, that one and all cry'd, Let's engage 'em ſtrait. Nor did

the Captain now appear leſs willing. And ſo they cry'd, All Hands aloft, to put them in a Poſture of Defence; which they'd no ſooner done, bnt up the *French* Ship comes

comes and grapples 'em; this *Guy* was glad to ſee, hoping he ſhou'd be with 'em preſently, and therefore he gave Orders to let the *French* Board 'em without much Difficulty; who, by that Means ſuppoſing they had been victorious, gave ſuch a Shout as Victors do at Land. This Inſolence made *Guy* ſo lay about him, each Blow he ſtruck had more than humane Force, and in few Moments all the Deck was nothing but a Scene of Blood and Slaughter; no Armour was of Proof againſt his Sword, for at each Blow freſh Streams of Blood ran down. *Philbertus* was amaz'd at the diſmal Sight, and wiſh'd himſelf in his own Ship again; and order'd thoſe few that were left alive, if poſſible, to get to his own Ship, and then immediately ungrapple; which *Guy* perceiving, having clear'd his Deck, ſoon leap'd on Board of the *French* Ship, and ſingly there maintain'd a bloody Fight, hewing 'em down with ſo much Fury, that many of 'em, to eſcape his Sword, leap'd into the Sea, *Philbertus* ſeeing this, gave all the Encouragement to his Men that was poſſible; and as one now grown deſperate, charg'd on *Guy*'s Helmet with ſuch force, as made it ſparkle Fire; at which, undaunted *Guy* return'd him ſuch a Blow, as at his Feet made him fall down for dead; which made the Soldiers all throw down their Arms, and cry aloud for Quarter. And there-

thereupon *Guy*, who was always merciful to conquer'd Foes, ended the Battel, commanding all his Men to fight no more: In which time *Philbertus* came to himſelf again, and with a low Submiſſion begg'd his Life, which *Guy* as freely gave him. And having remov'd him and the reſt into his own Ship, ſet fire to that of *Philbertus*, and ſail'd on his intended Voyage, coaſting along the Shoar, until they touch'd upon that Part of *Normandy* that borders upon *Germany*; where *Guy*, with an undaunted Courage, landed: And there was welcom'd with the pleaſing News, that a great Tilt and Turnament was to be held for *Blanch* the Emperor's Daughter, a beautiful and an accompliſh d Lady, who was to be the Victor's Prize, who thereby had a right to marry her, and to have with her a Brace of Greyhounds, a Faulcon, and a Milk-white Steed. Upon this welcome News, *Guy* diſcharges the Captain of the Veſſel, leaving the Priſoners with him, to diſpoſe of at his Pleaſure; who putting them to their Ranſom, obtain'd their Liberty; while *Guy*, with eager haſte, rid to his Royal Tilting.

And flush'd with Victory already won, (done.
Thought greater things might by him now be

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Guy *triumph'd over all the* German *Princes, and won the beauteous* Blanch, *the Emperor's Daughter, and after, leaving her, return'd for* England.

GUY, of the Captain having took his leave, goes where there was more Business to be done: For hearing that there was to be a Meeting of valiant Knights from divers Christian Lands, that did intend to run the Race of Valour, for which a great Advantage was propounded, 'twas charming Musick to his greedy Ear. The Prize that drew them all unto this Place, was Daughter to the Almain Emperor, fair *Blanch*, whose wondrous Face had that attractive Power, that it united all the Graces in her. 'Twas thither all the Worthies po-

posting came: Who won the Damsel (for so was the Law) by Manly Courage, and Victorious Might, should have her mounted on a Milk-white Steed, attended with two Greyhounds and a Faulcon, all of the same Colour, (if White may be so call'd:) This was his Lot that could attain the Day, to bear away the Honour and the Maid. Our *English* Knight prepares him for the Field, where Kings and Princes also present were, and Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held, about that wondrous fair and beauteous Prize. Tho' only one must speed, and hundreds miss, yet there each Man imagines *Blanch* his own. The spacious Field wherein they were assembl'd, hardly afforded room for the armed Knights: The golden glittering Armour that was there, darted the Sun-beams back unto the Clouds: The pamper'd Horses proudly pranc'd about, to hear the Clangor of the Trumpet's Sound.

A *German* Prince of an undaunted Spirit, did the first Onset and Eocounter, give unto an Earl, whose Valour did requite him with Blow for Blow, as resolutely brave, till, by a Stroke on's Head the Earl receiv'd, he was unhors'd, falling to the Ground for dead.

Next, *Guy* with Courage to the Prince came forth, and fights just like another

Hercules; like Force he never felt before nor ſince; nor ne'er was put unto ſuch hard Extreams. Juſt where himſelf had laid the Earl before, there down comes he, both Horſe and Man to the Ground.

Duke *Otton* ſeeing this, was in a Rage, and with ſuch wrathful Humours was incens'd, he vow'd by Heaven that nothing ſhould appeaſe his Fury but the Death of that proud Foe. Prepare thee now (*quoth he*) to breathe thy laſt, Monſter or Devil, whatſoe'er thou be. They joyn together in a dreadful Fight, the clattering Armour ſounds, the Splinters fly, and the aſcending Duſt won't let them ſee; their Blood allays it, ſtreaming from their Wounds. Both their Swords break; they light, and with main Force *Guy* threw the Duke to the Ground, that's Bones did crack.

Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Couſin then, and for the Encounter next of all prepares: I ſee (quoth *Guy*) that you are leſs than Men, that with a Blow or Fall are next ſo ſoon. But come and welcome, I am ready for you. We ſay, in *England*, *The Weakeſt muſt go to the Wall.* Then they together ruſh'd, aud ſhook the Ground, whilſt animating Trumpets ſound the Alarm. In *Rainer*'s Shoulder *Guy* made ſuch a Wound, that he ſoon loſt the Uſe of his right

right Arm; who thereupon yielded himſelf as vanquiſh'd.

Then for a while all ſtood amaz'd at *Guy*, none being forward to encounter him, till *Lovain*'s Duke reſolv'd to try his Fortune, having good hope that he might better ſpeed. Then ſitting fair on a proud Steed that ill endur'd the Bit, well mounted and well arm'd: I think, *quoth he*, thou ſome Enchanter art, that in thine Arm the Force of Magick haſt. I'll teach thee to believe e'er I have done, *quoth* Guy, for thou ſhalt feel that I can charm; I'll conjure with no other Spell but Iron, by which I'll ſend thee unto Heaven or to Hell. With that he gave him ſuch a cruel Stroke, that he could but a weak Reply return: Then with a ſecond and a third he broke his Helmet. With that, Hold, hold, *cry'd he*, I have enough; I'll rather yield than dye. Let them fight for a Woman that deſire it; I think the Devil ſcarce can deal with thee.

Then not a Man more would encounter him, they all were terrify'd, and ſtood in Fear, and againſt *Guy* were all filled full of Rage: What, *ſaid they*, ſhall a Stranger bear the Honour of this great Day? What curſed Fortune's this, that he ſhould have the Glory of the Field? Amongſt themſelves they curs'd his Hap-

pineſs, and could have kill'd him, but that no Man dar'd put his own Life in hazard by ſo doing. If Wiſhes might have done it, he had dy'd, but there was no Man durſt attempt to fight him.

The Emperor then ſent a Knight for *Guy*, asking his Name, and what his Birth and Country? Which he told him. Then ſaid his Majeſty, I muſt commend thy haughty Courage, reſolutely bold. Brave *Engliſh* Man, thou art thy Country's Pride: In *Europe* lives not ſuch another Man. I do admire thy Worth, great is thy Valour; my Tongue cannot ſuffice to ſpeak thy Praiſe. Aſcend to Honour's juſt deſerved Seat, thou art a ſecond *Hector* in mine Eyes. This Day thy worthy Hand has ſhew'd me more than in my Life before I ever ſaw. Come and receive thy due Deſert of me, my Daughter's Love is free at thy diſpoſe; the Greyhounds, Steed, and Falcon, take to thee, thy Worthineſs does merit more than theſe: Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my ſake, which ſhall be as a Witneſs of my Love.

Guy thank'd his Highneſs for his gracious Favours, and vow'd him Service whilſt his Life did laſt. Then to the Princeſs, with a mild Behaviour, he caſt a reverent, humble, modeſt Look, ſaying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend, that ſuch a Beauty to my Lot is given. Madam, accept your loyal

Engliſh

Engliſh Knight, to do you Service when you ſhall command it; who, while he hath a Drop of Blood to ſpend, will ſacrifice it all on your behalf, againſt whoe'er ſhall dare to contradict you. Too high it is to me to be your Husband; it is enough to be your Servant *Guy*. In *England* doth my Marriage-love remain, to whom I muſt and will be true for ever; about whoſe Face, ſuch Pains hath Nature took, I durſt have ſworn, Fleſh never could have match'd it. But now I find, and ever ſhall acknowledge it, there is a *Phœnix* in the World beſides her, and that's yourſelf: And I dare all Mankind to ſay one tittle that ſhall contradict it. But which is faireſt, there's no Eye can tell; no humane Judgment in the World can try it, or poſitively ſay which hath moſt Beauty, *Blanch* or my fair Bride. I dare be bold to cal your Beauties Twins; and that compar'd unto either of you, *Venus* herſelf was but a Blackamore. O *Phælice!* Here's thy Picture in this Princeſs. Methinks thou art preſent in her lovely Looks. Thou that of my Soul's Faculties art Miſtreſs, recorded in *Tim*'s brazen-leaved Book, if I to thee prove falſe, even in Thought, and much more in my Actions, *Jove*'s fearful Vengeance light upon my Head.

Quoth *Blanch*, Thy Conſtancy (and then ſhe ſigh'd) is highly to be prais'd, and thou applauded. He that Love's-Promiſe will not faithful keep, in Horrors and in Torments let him dwell. But I ſuppoſe thy Vows are yet unmade, and ſo what thy Sword won, thy Heart may take.

Madam, ſaid *Guy*, what I avouch is true; and I dare call ev'n Heaven to witneſs it. My Proteſtations are above the Skies; and he who made them, knows I ſpeak the Truth. Madam, the Sun declines, and the Day grows ancient; I'll therefore humbly take my leave of you. For now my Body's to Repoſe inclin'd, altho' my troubled Mind can take no Reſt; my reſtleſs Mind is now in *Warwick*-caſtle, altho' my Body be in *Normandy*. Here I make others bend, but there I bow, and lye as lowly as the humble Ground; even at Love's Feet to the Ground I caſt myſelf. Though Victory my Temples here have crown'd, I cannot ſtay, I muſt to *England* back. My Mind miſgives me *Phælice* is not well. Like my ſad Thoughts, my Armour ſhall be Black, and in a mournful Iron-ſhell I'll ſuit me. For where the Mind ſuſpicious Cares does meet with, Diſtruſt is ever dealing doubtful Shares. Yet I have much good Fortune on my ſide, that know the Means how to attain my Bliſs;

for

for *Phælice* ties her Love unto Conditions, and ſhe for this, I truſt will be my own. By this ſhe may, but if ſhe more requeſt, there's nothing in the World that I'll deny her.

With haſty Journey therefore Home he goes, leaving the Vulgar unto Nine Days Wonder. And being ſafe arriv'd on *Engliſh* Ground, he unto *Phælice* poſted; for too long he thought each Minute that he ſtaid away. And coming to her Preſence, he beholds her with greater Joy, and with more chearful Looks, than Pen can write, or can by Tongue be told.

What Tongue can tell, what Pen can write, how ſweet
Are abſent Lovers Joys, when once they meet!

CHAP. V.

How Guy *returning to* Warwick, *was receiv'd by* Phælice; *by whom he was sent forth again to seek new Adventures, but before he went, destroy'd a monstrous Dun Cow upon* Dunsmore-heath.

Phælice having recei'd the News of *Guy*'s Arrival on the *English* Shore, and of the mighty Fame he had acquir'd, by all the Warlike Deeds his Hands had done, expected soon to see him at her Father's Castle, preparing to receive him according to his Worth, and to the great Affection she had for him. Nor did her Expectations fail her, for *Guy* made all the haste a Man could make, to lay the Prize of all his

his glorious Conqueſts at her Feet. Where being come, after Salutes, and mutual Embraces, *Guy* thus beſpoke her:

Fair Foe, *ſaid he*, I come to challenge thee; for there's no Man that I can meet will fight. I have been where a Crew of Cowards are, but none that dare maintain the Rights of Ladies; good, proper, and well-ſpoken Men, indeed, but let me win a Princeſs from them all. *Phælice*, this Sword hath won an Emperor's Daughter, as ſweet a Wench as any lives in *Europe*. I bought her at the Price of Blood and Wounds; well worth my Bargain: But thy better Face hath made me leave her to ſome other Lot; for I proteſt, by Heaven, I could not love her. This ſtately Steed, this Faulcon, and theſe Hounds I took, as in full Payment of the reſt: For I have always kept my Love to thee inclos'd within the Center of my Heart, My Conſtancy to thee I've ſtill preſerv'd, leaving all other Women as they are. But ſay, my *Phælice*, ſhall I now obtain thee? Wilt thou conſent that *Hymen* tye our Hands? Art thou reſolved ſtill to keep thy Vow, that none but I ſhall ever have thy Heart? Can'ſt thou forſake the World, change thy Condition, and now become thy faithful Lover's Wife?

To whom fair *Phælice* thus reply'd again: Know, worthy Knight, my Joys have been enlarg'd, at the Report of thy great Deeds abroad: Some were, I hear, in ſuch a bloody Sweat, their Valour, Fame, and Reputation bleeds. Therefore, my *Guy*, I give thee humble Thanks that thou for me ſo much didſt undergo, and for my ſake ſuch hard Adventures made. To win a Princeſs was a precious Prize: But ſure, methinks, if I Sir *Guy* had been, ſhe greater Favour ſhou'd from me have found, than take a Horſe, and turn a Lady by. What is a Horſe, a Faulcon, and a Hound, more worthy than ſo beautiful a Lady? Perhaps you'll ſay, it was done for love of me; I do imagine, nay, believe it is: And though I jeſt, I will do more for thee, than thou, or any but myſelf doth know. I'll never marry while Life's Glaſs doth run, but only to thy ſelf. But give me leave, my Love, to ſpeak my Mind; let me lock up my Secrets in thy Breaſt, I had a Viſion did Affection move; *Cupid* came to me, whilſt I ſlumbering lay, and in my Mother's Name commanded me to love thee. And whilſt he was to this perſwading me, an armed Man, juſt as I ſee thee now, he ſet before my Eyes, and thus he ſpake: *Phælice*, be gentle-hearted, bow and yield, and don't the Sovereign Power of Love oppoſe; but all thy

Loy-

Loyalty, thy Truth, thy Love, beſtow it freely on this matchleſs Youth- Throughout the World his Fame admir'd ſhall be; and mighty Men ſhall tremble at his Wrath, to end the Quarrels of great Kings ſhall he be often courted. His Worthineſs no common Path ſhall tread; but Actions to be fear'd he ſhall effect, and bring to paſs things of the greateſt Moment. This, in effect, he did to me relate, and to his Will I have obedient been. Now how to hate, thee, if I would, I know not: for I've of perfect Kindneſs learnt the Skill. Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not thus, this Secret of my Heart thou ſhouldſt not know. But now, my Love, before thou doſt poſſeſs thy conſtant *Phælice* in her Marriage-Bed, thou muſt far greater and more worthy Deeds perform than what thou haſt already done: The winning of a Lady and her Steed, are but ſmall things to what thou yet muſt do. I'll ever love thee, tho' thou ne'er doſt more, but cannot grant the Uſe of Love till then.

Quoth *Guy*, Not grant the Uſe of Love, fair *Phælice!* Then, I perceive, I muſt again go Travel, and ſee what Fate has for me ſtill to do. I will content thee, Love, one way or other, and either ſlay, or elſe be ſlain myſelf, e'er I into this Realm again return; and thou confeſs I have thy Dream ful-

fulfilled. Assist me, Heaven, as I sincerely mean, for I protest by all the Powers above, no unjust Quarrel e'er shall make me fight, nor yet to wrong the Wronged will I e'er incline: *For* those that by Oppression fall, I'll stand; in Honour's Cause my Life I'll freely venture. Come, my *Bellona*, my Sword do thou girt on, and in thy Ivory Arms embrace my Armour; and such kind Kisses as thou canst afford, bestow upon me in the stead of Charms. Upon *Ulysses*'s loving Wife, I think, and how thou now her Life dost imitate. Farewel, my *Phælice*, Health and Happiness attend thee to thy Heart's Desire for ever; and like Success, I beseech God to grant me, as I my Love to thee shall keep intire. When War's stern Looks abroad I have performed, at my Return *Hymen* will make Amends.

Unto Earl *Roband* next does *Guy* repair, and tells him, He is come to take his Leave; for he must go where Honour finds him Work, and there receive the just Rewards of Vertue. At home, my honourable Lord, *said he*, I find that Valour has no Stage to action, I'll therefore search what's to be done abroad; from Kingdom unto Kingdom I will go, and find out Work, for no good comes of Idleness; it only brings Men up to Sloath and Cowardice, and I hate Cowards as I hate the Devil.

To

To which the noble Earl return'd, Dear *Guy*, thou makſt me grieve at this ſad News; and ſo much more, becauſe thou diſappointed me. The News is more than I can well endure. I hop'd I ſhould enjoy thy wiſh'd for Company; and that thou wouldſt go no more abroad; and now thou ſpeak'ſt of making new Adventures. O change thy Mind, brave *Guy*, and ſtay with me; no longer truſt to Fortune's treacherous Smiles; though now ſhe hath ſo kindly dealt with thee, yet ſhe may leave thee to an unlucky Hour, and turn her many Favours into Frowns. Her Kindneſſes are moſt unconſtant Things. With Kings themſelves ſhe often deals moſt falſly. And therefore tho' thou now triumphant ſitteſt, and with *Fame*'s Triumph doſt maintain thy Glory, O do no not over-raſhly hazard it. Loſt Honour is not eaſily got again. Think with thyſelf, Mayn't one unhappy Accident betray thee unto thy inſulting *Foe*; may not a Monſter, or a Savage Beaſt, at unawares deprive thee of thy Breath? May not a Tyrant, when thou think'ſt on't leaſt, cut off thy Life by an u timely Death? May not Ten thouſand Dangers thee befall, where but thyſelf, thy wronged ſelf muſt right?

To this, *Guy* anſwered thus, My Noble Lord, that Man of Dangers muſt not be afraid

afraid, that to Adventures doth himſelf diſpoſe, but muſt ſupported be with Reſolution, and for his Foes ſtill think himſelf too good. I'll never fear I ſhall be overcome, whilſt I have Hands to fight, or Legs to ſtand. Therefore, in humble ſort I'll leave your Honour, wiſhing all Health unto your happy State. If Fortune means to change her ſide and frown, yet ſhe ſhall ſee that I'll diſdain her Hate. What Star ſoever ſwayed when I was born, I have a Mind will laugh at all Misfortunes.

The Earl perceiving him reſolv'd to go, told him, That he would be no Remora to his Proceedings, and only would ask one Requeſt of him before he went: *Guy* told him, Whatſoever he asked that was within his Power to perform, he ſhould not be denied. Then, ſaid the Earl. 'Tis this, That when you are once again come ſafe to *England*, you'll go abroad no more, but live at home with me. Which *Guy* having promiſed him, prepared for his Departure, and ſoon after took his Leave, going to the Sea-ſide, there to embark for *France*.

Being come there, and ready to embark, the Wind (which often blows from different Quarters) proved contrary, and ſo continued for ſix Days together; during which time, Fame, thro' each Corner of the Land,

Land, had made a mighty Noiſe of an exceeding great and monſtrous Cow, lurking within the Woods not many Miles from *Warwick*, and making there moſt dreadful Devaſtations, deſtroying Man and Beaſt, and putting all their Keepers unto Flight, being ſo mighty ſtrong and ſwift in Motion, that it was thought no humane Force could poſſibly deſtroy it; and ſome good Authors do affirm, that ſhe was at the leaſt four Yards in height, and ſix in length, and had an Head proportionable, with two ſharp Horns growing direct, with Eyes reſembling Lightning, for their Fierceneſs; and was of Dun Colour, and from thence named the *Dun-cow*; and the Place where ſhe lay being on the Borders of a great Heath, was from thence called *Dunſmore-heath*, which name it ſtill retains unto this Day.

Upon the Notice which was given to the King (who was then at *York*) of the Havock and Slaughter which was made by this monſtrous Creature, he offered the Honour of Knighthood, and ſeveral other Privileges and Immunities, to any that would undertake to deſtroy it. But ſuch was the Terror ſhe had ſpread throughout the Country, that none was found ſo hardy as to adventure himſelf on ſuch a dangerous Enterprize; and the Abſence of *Guy*, (who

(who by this time was ſuppoſed to be in *Franee)* was generally lamented, all believing he would have undertaken this, more than *Herculean Labour.*

Guy (who was all this while waiting *incognito* for a fair Wind) being informed by the Captain of the Ship, that the Wind would continue for ſome time in that Quarter; hearing the Diſcourſe of the Country, and hating to be idle, reſolved privately to go and engage with this Deſtroyer of his Country; and ſo taking his Sword, a ſtrong Battel-ax and his Bow and Quiver with him, he rid *incognito* to the Place where this Monſter uſed to lodge, which was in a great Thicket of Trees, which grew on the ſide of the Heath, near a Pool of ſtanding Water; finding (as he rid along) the Cottages and Houſes everywhere thereabouts deſerted, and the Carcaſſes of Men and Beaſts lye ſcatter'd round about; which filled him with great Pity and Compaſſion for his Country, and extream Reſentment againſt that monſtrous Deſtroyer.

Being come at laſt within Bow-ſhot of the Place, the Monſter eſpyed him, and thruſting her Head thro' the Thicket, her dreadful Eyes were enough to fill any Heart with Terror, but that of the couragious and intrepid *Guy*, who, notwithſtanding her

her horrid Roaring, ſoon bent his Bow of Steel; and as he was one of the experteſt Archers *England* then could boaſt of drawing his Arrow to the Head, let fly; which ſtriking on the Monſter's Hide, rebounded back as from an Adamantine Wall, without the leaſt Impreſſion being made: At which, whilſt *Guy* was in ſome Admiration, the dreadful Beaſt, ſwift as the Eaſtern Wind, came running towards him, with her ſharp-pointed Horns aiming directly at him, which he obſerving, lifted his Battle-ax on high, and in the *F*orehead ſtruck her ſuch a Blow, as made her to recoil, and roar moſt hideouſly, and yet, inraged more, came on again; and clapping of her Horns upon his Breaſt, dinted his Armour, tho' of higheſt Proof, before he could avoid her; but wheeling of his warlike Steed about, met her again, and, with redoubled Strokes, gave her a deſperate Wound under the Ear, the only place ſhe could be wounded in ſo ſenſibly; whereat ſhe again roar'd, ſnorted and ſtamp'd upon the Ground: And by this, *Guy* perceiving ſhe was mortal, followed that Stroke with others no leſs forcible; by which, at laſt ſhe fell upon the Ground; and *Guy* alighting from his Horſe, hew'd her ſo long, that, through her impenetrable Skin, batter'd her, till with a horrid Groan ſhe breath'd her laſt. Then leaving her delug'd

almoſt

almoſt in her own Blood, he rid to the next Town that was inhabited, and there made known the Monſter's Death, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants: The People loading him with Preſents, which they forc'd him to accept, and honouring him with Thanks; and all the Country coming in to ſee that Monſter dead, which when alive they ſtood ſo much in Fear of.

And tho' *Guy* thought to get away before the King had Notice of it, yet Fame was ſwifter far than *Guy*; and he was ſent for by the King e'er he could get on Shipboard, and ſo was forc'd to go to *York*; where he was no ſooner arrived, but the King embraced him; and after a ſplendid Entertainment, he gave him the Order of Knighthood, and many rich Gifts, cauſing one of the Ribs of the ſaid Monſter to be hang'd up in *Warwick*-Caſtle. And *Guy* having departed from the King very well ſatisfy'd with his Entertainment, and the Wind now ſerving, he goes on board to ſeek freſh Adventures out in foreign Lands.

Where he ſo many wondrous Things did do,
As ſtagger'd Faith, and non-pluſs'd Reaſon too.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How Guy, *with* Heraud, *and two other Knights, was aſſaulted by ſixteen Villains that lay in Ambuſcade for him in a Wood, whom he deſtroyed; having killed two, and wounded the other of his Knights: And afterwards Aſſiſted the Duke of* Lovain, *who was beſieg'd by the Emperor*, &c.

NOW *Guy* expects a favourable Gale, and has it even to his Heart's Deſire, and with a ſpeedy Paſſage doth he ſail to ſeek Adventures once again in *France*, where finding none, from thence away he goes to *Lovain*, where the Emperor beſieged the Duke thereof, becauſe he had the Unhappineſs to kill the Emperor's Couſin, whom he greatly loved, and therefore took his Death exceeding ill; and there-

thereupon a Quarrel did ariſe, and Wars enſued between two mighty Foes. Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his Aid; but in the Way a Plot to take his Life, was, by the falſe Duke *Otton*, bafely laid, altho' 'twas not effected; for *Guy* ſo well about him laid, that it ſucceeded not: The matter was, *Otton* before in *France* by *Guy* diſgraced, had vowed where-ever he met him, he ſhould die. And to that end, ſixteen appointed were to lye in Ambuſh that they might ſurprize him; and were all reſolute, and void of Fear, who in a Foreſt ſlily hid themſelves; and on a ſudden all ſurrounded *Guy*, who only was attended with three Knights, and never before was *Guy* in like Diſtreſs. But ſeeing how it was, Now, Friends, *ſaid he*, ſhew yourſelves right bred *Engliſh* Gentlemen: Here is indeed ſome Odds, ſixteen to three; but I, the fourth, will ſtand you in ſome ſtead; you three ſhall combat ſix, that's two to one, and leave the other ten alone to me. With that he drew his Sword, and laid about him, dealing ſuch hardy Blows amongſt them all, that in the Air their rattling Armour eccho'd, and down they quickly drop'd on every ſide; ſo that here lay a Man without his Legs, and there another without Head or Hand. *Guy* quickly made Diſpatch of his Half-ſcore,

nor

nor was he long in ridding them away. But there remained half a dozen more, which had ſlain two of his beloved Knights; which he no ſooner knew, but ſtrait he ſtampt upon the Ground, and with a fearful angry Tone, he uttered forth theſe Words: Ah Villains! how my Soul abhors this Sight; for theſe how my revenging Paſſions ſtrive! This bloody Deed with Blood I will repay; You dye, tho' you had each a thouſand Lives. Two you have ſlain out-right, and wounded *Heraud*, which is the laſt curſed Act that you ſhall do. And then with Force, almoſt exceeding all that any Humane Arm could ever boaſt, he lays upon them Blows which made them ſtagger, and quickly brought them breathleſs to the Ground. At length cut all in Piece-meals for the Fowls; Lye there (quoth *Guy*) and feaſt the hungry Crows, or feed the ſavage Beaſts that hither come. But for theſe worthy Gentlemen that here have loſt their Lives in the Defence of me, and for my ſake left *England*'s pleaſant Soil, them I'll inter in honourable wiſe with what Solemnity the Place affords, and be myſelf a Mourner at their Funeral.

From thence unto a Hermit not far off he rid, and did with Care that Charge commit, who did that Office carefully perform,

form, and bare home wounded *Heraud* to his Cell, who was not dead (tho *Guy* ſuppos'd him ſlain) but quickly by the Hermit was recover'd.

Now forth goes *Guy*, ſad, penſive, and perplex'd, grieving that Deſtiny had dealt ſo hardly, to take away his dearly-beloved Company, and leave him as he travell'd all alone, none that could eaſe the Torments of his Mind. But in his lonely ſolitary Travel, at laſt his Fortune brought him to a Place that was for Honour very much renowned, and there he met with Tilts and Turnaments which entertained him with Delight and Glory. And there kind Fortune gave him her Conſent to win the Prize from every valiant Knight; of all the worthy Men that thither came, not one could match him in Duke *Reyner*'s Court.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs, where he's admir'd of all for his great Worth; and underſtanding ſome Affairs of Weight fell out betwixt Duke *Segwin* of *Lovain* and the Emperor, he from the Duke of *Millain* went his way, and forthwith took his Journey to *Lovain*. But as he paſs'd upon the Way, he met a Pilgrim that with Travel ſeemed faint, whom in all humane Courteſy he greets, and with ſome News entreats him to refreſh his long-

longing Ear. He, with a Sigh or two, ſaid, Sir, With News I have but little Buſineſs, there is but one thing in the World I care for, and only that and nothing elſe I mind: I ſeek a Man, but ſeek him in Deſpair, becauſe I long have ſought, but cannot find him; a Man more nearly ty'd unto my Soul, than all the Men in the whole World beſide.

Thou ſpeak'ſt, ſaid *Guy*, like one that haſt ſome Gratitude. But tell me, pray, what Man art thou? And what is he, for whom thou haſt expreſs'd ſo great a Kindneſs?

I am an *Engliſh* Man, of Knight's Degree, quoth *Heraud*, and the Subject of my Grief is the Loſs of one Sir *Guy* my Country Man.

Guy then, with Tears of Joy, lights to embrace him: And art thou living, *Heraud*, my dear Friend? ſaid *Guy*, and kindly took him in his Arms. Then here I bid my Sorrows all adieu. Pray let me know who cur'd thee of thy Wounds.

Heraud, no leſs ſurpriz'd with Joy and Wonder, to find Sir *Guy* his Country Man again, cry'd out, And have I found thee thus, my Friend! My Pains and Travel have been well rewarded. It was the good old Hermit and his Skill, that ſav'd me, by the Medicine he apply'd. Then each embrac'd,

brac'd, and both renew'd their joys, at this ſo good and happy Meeting. No angry Star with inauſpicious Rays beheld them then, but both were well content.

Then mounting on their Steeds, they bend their Courſe with eaſy Peace, unto Duke *Lovain*'s Court, where they his City find in great Diſtreſs, ſtraightly beſieg'd by the Emperor's Forces. But *Segwin* was extreamly ſatisfy'd, that worthy *Guy* was come unto his Aid. For now, *quoth he*, I dare be bold to ſay, we have an honourable valiant Man; Adviſe me, warlike Knight, what's to be done, to free me from the Danger I am in.

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, great as the Danger ſeems, myſelf will find a way to ſet you free; let's preſently upon them iſſue forth; our Courages will make the Cowards fly.

Thy Counſel, *quoth the Duke*, I do approve, and to thy Project give my free Conſent. Let Life, Limb, Blood, be loſt, I'll follow thee. So let all do, that come to me in Love.

Let's ope the the Gate, and beat them from
our Walls,
He lies no lower than the Ground, that
falls.

Then ſuddenly they ruſh out of the City, and on the Almains reſolutely ſet; where they

they did ſuch a bloody Slaughter make, that many thouſand Lives were ſoon cut

off: Of thirty thouſand that beſieg'd the Town, there ſcarce was thirty hundred that eſcap'd.

The Emperor at this was much perplexed, but with new Forces gave a freſh Aſſault; as knowing well they cou'd not be reliev'd, and ſo their Strength muſt weaken by degrees. And therefore coming with a new Supply, believ'd he in ſhort time might famiſh them. *Guy* and the Duke appear upon the Walls, and tell him, He ſhall never win the Town, for they can ſpare his Soldiers what Proviſion they can deſire, and ſo flung down abundance of Victuals from the Walls, and withal told him, That if they wanted, he could ſpare them more. And now, quoth *Guy*, that we

have fed your Bodies, I hope your Stomachs will be up to fight: but I am afraid you are not rightly bred; but, like ſome Dunghil Cocks, will crow, and run away. But ſtill, when Cowards do a *Fray* begin, before the Battel ends, away they run; and ſo yourſelves have lately done, we ſee. Your Tongues we heard, but could not feel your Hands; your Words were hot, but Actions cool enough; thou' I confeſs, your Heels are wondrous nimble. We did believe, that when you firſt came hither, we ſhould have found you Men of Strength and Courage; but having try'd you, find 'tis no ſuch Matter, unleſs you could ſurprize us while we ſleep; for waking, we'll encounter one for ten, and never wiſh to have a better Match. And if you can do better, let us ſee it: Therefore prepare, for we'll be with you preſently.---- And then upon their Foes forthwith they flew, fighting like Men that laugh'd pale Death to Scorn: For they reſolv'd they would their City free, or never live to ſee another Morning. Much Blood was ſhed, and many Lives it coſt; but in the end, the *Almains* loſt the Day. The Duke, with *Guy*, ſwiftly purſu'd the Foes, who, like ſo many Hares do fly away wiſhing for Wings, that they might mend their Pace; ſo ſweet is Life to them that fear to die.

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But then the Lion faſten'd on his Scales, and nimbly did avoid the *Fall* intended him. Then both with utmoſt *Fury* bite and tear, and ſo maintain a long and bloody Fight. At laſt the Lion fainted, turns aſide, and looks about, as if he would be gone. Nay, then, quoth *Guy*, Lion, I'll take thy Part, and execute my Vengeance on this Dragon. With that, couragiouſly to work he goes, and with the Dragon carries on the *Fight*, giving him Blows with all his Might and Strength, and yet can't penetrate his ſcaly Sides. The monſtrous Beaſt diſplays his flaggy Wings, and with moſt dreadful Yelling at him comes; whoſe very Looks might make a Man afraid, ſo terrible ſeem'd his devouring Jaws, wide, gaping, griſly, like the Mouth of Hell; more terrible than Pen or Tongue can utter; his blazing Eyes burning like living Fire; and from his Gorge ſulphureous Smoak he belch'd, aloft his ſpeckled Creſt he mounted higher than *Guy* could reach at length of Weapon's Stroke. Thus in moſt ireful Mood he bore himſelf, crying as loud as watry Billows roar. And then his mortal Sting he ſtretched out, exceeding far the ſharpeſt Point of Steel; then turns and winds his ſcaly Tail about the Horſe's Legs: With that, *Guy* hews upon him with his Blade, and laid on him three

Mens

Mens Strength to every Stroke; one fatal Blow he gave him in his Side, from whence did iſſue Streams of ſwarthy Blood, the Sword had made the Paſſage wide and broad, that, like a Flood, the Gore o'erſpread the Ground, which made the Dragon turn to have forſook him. Nay, then, quoth *Guy*, thou haſt not long to live, I ſee thou faint'ſt, and ready art to fall. Then did he give him ſuch a Parting-blow, that down the Dragon came unto the Ground; roaring and bellowing at ſuch a rate, that the hideous Sound did more affright the Conqueror, than did his fighting with him. So rides away, and lets the Monſter lye. But looking back, he 'ſpies behind his Horſe, the reſcu'd Lion following at his Heels, which made *Guy* light to engage with him likewiſe. But when the Beaſt beheld his Weapon drawn, he fawn'd upon him like a Spaniel Dog; and like that grateful Lion which did ſave *Androniçus*, for pulling out a Thorn, when by the Laws he was condemn'd to be devour'd by Beaſts upon the Amphitheater, the Lion came, remembring his old Kindneſs, and fawn'd upon, and lick'd him, very kindly bearing, it ſeems, an old good Turn in Mind. Juſt ſo this grateful Lion dealt with him, for the ſame benefit which he had done, by ſaving him from the fierc

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and poiſonous Dragon. For though a Lion is by Nature cruel, as being a ravenous and devouring Beaſt; yet, like a Spaniel, he by his Horſe did run, and till he did again Embark, ſtaid with him.

But the Wind ſerving in a little time, *Guy* and his Friend embarqu'd again, and ſo purſued their Voyage, and in *Almain* arrived in a ſhort time; and there, according to his Worth and Merit, was entertained by the Emperor, who bid him kindly Welcome into *Chriſtendom*, and entertained him with a Turnament, with Kingly Banquets, and with Princely Revelling, all ſtriving to behold that mighty Man, of whoſe grea Actions *Fame* ſo loudly ſpoke of, and o whoſe wondrous Acts they'd heard ſo much, and thought they could not do him too much Honour.

But taking Leave of the Emperor and the reſt, travels to his old Friend the Duke of *Lovain*, whom he had a particular Reſpect for, and did above all others long to ſee. But e'er unto his Journey's end he came, he met with an Adventure by the Way; and ſet a worthy wronged Lady free, who forcibly was taken from her Love, and he at Point of Death, left ſorely wounded. Of which take this following Account.

The noble *Terrey*, a right valiant Earl, with his dear Love, ſirnam'd *Oſile* the *Fair*, (his precious and ineſtimable Jewel) to take the Air into the Foreſt went, wherein a Plot was laid to take away his Life, that ſo another might enjoy his Love. And on the ſudden ſixteen Villains came

upon the Earl, and ſadly wounded him; Sirrah, *ſaid one*, thou haſt a Wench we claim; ſhe muſt with us, lye thou upon the Ground, and if thou liv'ſt till thou can'ſt ſee a Paſſenger, beg him to make a Grave to bury thee. Guy finding *Terrey* in this wretched Caſe, and hearing how his Wife was raviſh'd from him, adminiſter'd what Comfort he was able; he with the Loſs of Blood look'd pale and wan, and almoſt

ready

ready was to dye indeed. Come, Courage, noble Earl, ſaid *Guy* to him; I'll do my beſt to fetch thy Love again, or elſe ſay *Guy* is but a boaſting Coward. When *Terrey* heard the mention of that Name, he ſtrait reviv'd, for of his worthy Deeds, Fame had before ſufficiently acquainted him. Then ſtriving to ariſe from off the Ground, he did his beſt Endeavour to embrace him: Thanks, gracious Heaven, *quoth he*, with Soul and Heart, for ſending ſuch a Man to right my Wrongs. Which is the Way (ſaid *Guy*) thoſe Villains went? The Path by yonder Oak, ſaid woful *Terrey*. I'll follow 'em, ſaid *Guy*, and by my Knighthood, I'll make each Man come off by weeping Croſs. Scarce had he ſpoke, before he heard a Shriek, which *Terrey* knew to be the fair *Oſile*'s. Away rid *Guy*, and by that Sound directed, he quickly found the barbarous Villains out. And coming to them wretched Slaves, *quoth he*, What's your Deſign with this fair Lady here? Inlarge her preſently, and ſet her free. You have done Wrongs that you muſt dearly pay for: Her Husband wounded, and ſhe us'd with Violence, are Crimes which all your Lives can ſcarce attone for. With that they laugh'd, and ſaid, What Fool is this, or rather mad Man in his deſperate Mood, that fain by

wilful Death wou'd get a Name; and have the World report he hath been kind? Some frantick Fit this Fellow's surely in, that means to fight thus without Fear or Wit. If it be so, quoth *Guy*, that Fit's now on me, and you shall find 'twill be a raging one. With that, Sir *Guy* knitting his angry Brow, bid the fair Lady cease p r pensive Moans, for you shall from these Villains Hands be freed. Then with a Courage admirably bold, at every Blow some one or other dies; which when the Lady saw, she straight cry'd out, *O pity, worthy Knight, these mortal Wounds: It is a Sight I can no longer bear; be not so bloody in revenging me, upon my Knees I humbly do intreat thee, for 'tis to me a terrifying Sight. O with their Lives thou takest mine away. If one dye more, my Soul will faint and leave me. Thou worthily my Honour hast defended, and hast enough revenged all my Wrongs.*

Lady, said *Guy*, at your Request I cease. Depart, base Rascals; all but two be gone. But Villains, said he, to the two remaining, 'twas you that did this virtuous Lady bind; and thereupon he gave each such a Blow, having his Sword put up within his Scabbard, as to the Ground they fell immediately. Then rising from the Ground, they thus excus'd it, *My Lord, we did it to preserve her for your Honour's Use.*

Ther

Then on his Steed he let the Lady ride, to ſeek her Lord, whom ſhe diſtreſſed left: And *Guy* became her Guide unto the Place. Where when they come, they found him dreſs'd already; for in their Abſence there came by a Hermit, which to his bleeding Wounds did Salve apply. ------Now *Tearey* and *Oſile* abound in Joy, and gratefully to *Guy* do all things give. Be thou, ſaid they, renown'd in Life and Death, whom while we live and breathe, we'll always honour.

Nay, here's my Hand, quoth Terrey, *worthy Guy,*
To fight for thee, I will be proud to dye.

CHAP. X.

How Guy *and* Heraud *travelled with Earl* Terry, *and hearing his Father was beſieg'd by Duke* Otton, *went to relieve him; and how* Guy *raiſed the Siege, kill'd Duke* Otton *in ſingle Combat, and routed his Army.*

THE Light had now ſurrender'd its Dominion, and Darkneſs rul'd in all the lower World, when as Earl *Terry*, *Guy*, and fair *Oſile* wanting a Guide thro' the unfrequented VVoods, heard the affrighting Noiſe on every ſide, of ſavage Beaſts that thirſt for humane Blood. On every ſide a watchful Eye they caſt, leſt on a ſudden they ſhould be ſurpriz'd. At length they did eſpy two armed Men, who liſten'd

ſten'd to thoſe Cries as well as they, each having in his Hand his naked Sword: But as they nearer came, *Guy* quickly knew the one of them was his dear Friend Sir *Heraud*, and the other was as dear a Friend of *Terry*'s, who by Embracings did their Gladneſs ſhew. And when the Earl demanded of his Couſin, What brought him to that lonely deſert Place? My Lord, *ſaid he*, I have unpleaſing News, which yet in Duty I am bound to tell, Thy Noble Father's at this time beſieged in his ſtrong Caſtle by Duke *Otton*'s Power, who hath proteſted by a ſolemn Vow, that he about his Ears will pull it down. And in revenge that thou haſt got his Love, he ſwears thy Father's Life ſhall not eſcape.

His Love, quoth *Terry!* Speak, my fair *Oſile*, acquaint this worthy Man with thy Soul's Thought. Did I perſuade thee ever to break thy Faith, or been an Inſtigator unto ought that is unrighteous in the ſight of Heaven? Never, ſaid ſhe; thou haſt been truly juſt in all thy Words and all thy Actions too: That Wretch, indeed, pretended that he lov'd me, and wou'd have forc'd my Love away from thee. But to my dying Day I will be thine: Thou ſhalt enjoy me all the Hours I live; aud when I alter this Determination, may I be held accurs'd by God and Man.

Spoke like a virtuous Lady, *Guy* reply'd, be ever constant, and thou need'st not fear: Nothing can lay a Blemish on thy Honour, whilst thou on Love's Foundation firmly standest. It is for Love I range the World about, and every Hour expose my Life to Dangers, and though an unknown Stranger, am Love's Exile. But wherefore, *Terrey*, are thy Looks so sad? thou hast thy Love in Person to embrace; but mine, alas! is as far off as *England*, and for some Years I have not seen her Face.

My Lord, said *Terrey*, know you not my Grief, and heard this Messenger relate the Cause? My Father's in distress, and wants some Succour; and I should be a Rebel to the Laws of Nature, not to sympathize with him, making his Trouble a just Cause of Sorrow.

If that be all, said *Guy*, thou art to blame to spend so much as one poor Sigh thereon. My Name's enough to terrify Duke *Otton*. Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone. Something that pass'd between us is the reason on't: In *France* he felt my Sword, but did not like it. Since that, he laid a Plot against my Life, by Villains that surpriz'd me in a Wood; which Treachery with Vengeance I repaid: And whoever knew a Traytor's

End

End prove good? A Curſe is always the concomitant of baſe and wicked Actions, in which the Actors will be ſure to ſuffer, as did *Perillus* firſt in's brazen Bull. I will go with thee to relieve thy Father; for the Oppreſſed I have vow'd to right. And Reaſon now does much more ſtrongly move it, ſince my own Wrongs urge me as well as thine. Therefore with ſpeed let's haſten to the Place, preventing Miſchief e'er it run too far. Take Time by the Fore-lock, for he's bald behind, and Good proves beſt, when it is ſooneſt done. Go then, with filial Joy, like brave *Æneus*, and fetch thine old *Anchiſes* our of *Troy*,

Couragious Knight, quoth *Terrey*, thy bold Heart, I do perceive, can with no Fear be daunted: Thou art compos'd of *Mars*'s *Element*, and made of powerful Limbs, to manage Arms: My Melancholy thou haſt baniſhed quite, and with ſtrong Hope arm'd me inſtead of it.

This ſaid, in haſte away they poſt themſelves, and in a ſhort time came unto the Caſtle, where proud Duke *Otton*, and his Forces lay, relying much upon his well-paid Soldiers: But when his Captains of *Guy*'s coming knew, they fled by Night, and never bid Farewel. This was Diſcouragement unto the Soldiers, to find their Captains had deſerted them. But yet

Duke *Otton* solemnly protested, Tho' each Man in the Castle were a *Guy*, he would not basely quit his Enterprize; for tho' Life's dear, *said he*, yet Honour's dearer.

Terry (quoth *Guy*) we must not now be tedious. For my Experience oft hath been my Tutor, and taught me, that when an Advantage offers, and gives me an occasion to begin, the Enemy's own Fear subdues himself, to which our Force being added, soon compleats our Victory. We will not make our Prison in this Place, as long as there is Field-room to be got. And since the Duke has no respect for me, 'tis my desire alone to combat him. But if you will not leave this Castle here, I'll leave you all, and go myself alone. And with these Words, *Heraud* and he were going to depart. Which, when the Castle-Soldiers did perceive, giving a Shout, *said they*, Thou art our General, and where-soe'er thou goest we'll follow thee: Thy honourable Steps we will not leave, let Fortune use us even as she pleases.

Thus, full of Courage, they all march along, giving the Onset, fearless of their Enemies, making those Multitudes that seem'd invincible, to fly before their brave victorious Foes, leaving the most part slaughter'd on the Fields: But when the Duke beheld his flying Soldiers perish, *said he*, Base Villains, here I'll die: Where is this English-

man

man that haunts my Ghoſt, and thus purſueth me from Place to Place? I challenge him to leave the Army, and meet me Face to Face, that we may have an end of all old Grudges.

Agreed, quoth *Guy*, proud Foe, I give Conſent. Repent thy Wrongs, and make thy Conſcience clear; for thou haſt liv'd to ſee thy Honour loſt, which worthy Men do hold moſt dear of all things. The Noble-minded brand that Man with Shame, that lets his Name and Honour dye before him. Then they towards each other did approach, and with great Violence their Launces broke; which being

done, they took their Swords in Hand, and fought until they'd ſpent great ſtore

of

of Blood: For Envy did the Duke's keen Weapon whet, and on *Guy*'s Sword, Revenge did ſet an Edge. At length, thro' loſs of Blood, the Duke fell down, and dying, cry'd, Farewel, vain World, Farewel: By Fortune's angry Frown, am I betray'd: By ſad Experience now, I tell the World, There's nothing conſtant that the Earth contains; Death brings the proudeſt Monarchs to their Graves, and lays 'em level with the humbleſt Swain. Bewitching Vanities ſeduce and blind us; and Greatneſs only tends to make us proud, making our ſad *Cataſtrophe* the greater. There is no Peace like to a happy Ending: My dying Hour yields more repenting Grace, than in my Life, I ever cou'd attain to. The immortal Soul did with theſe Words depart, and left the breathleſs Body where it dwelt, while woful Paſſions did *Guy*'s Heart afflict, now wiſhing *Otton* were again alive; for true Humility ſtill ſhews Compaſſion, to ſee the Afflicted over-born with Woes. *Guy* ſheath'd his Sword, and ſaid, Remain thou there, until on *England*'s happy Shore I Land: For Love of *Phælice* I'll ſhed no more Blood; I have from her been too too long away: Now I'll return my Wages to receive.

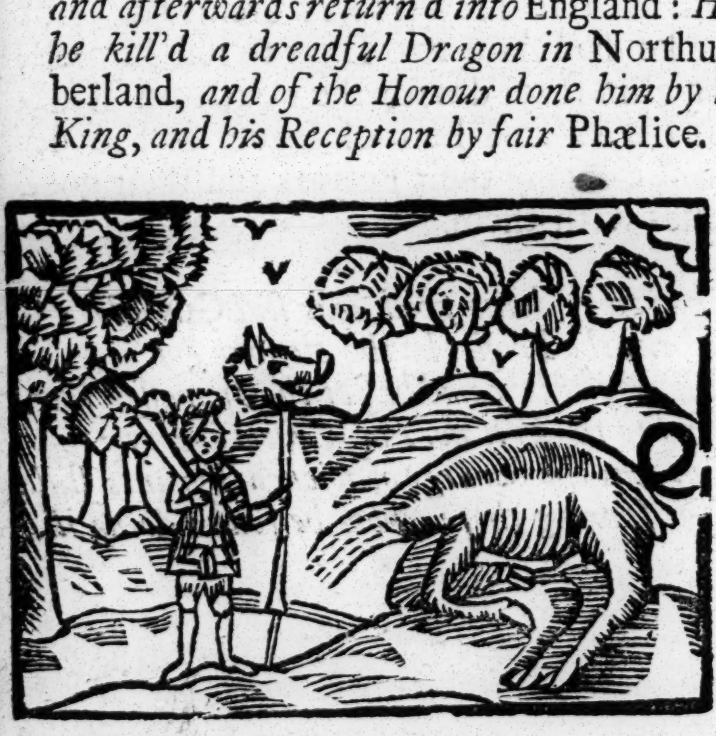
Then mourning over poor Duke *Otton*'s Fate, he gave his breathleſs Body to his Friends;

Friends; and then he to the Caſtle back returned, accompany'd with *Heraud* his true Friend; where, with great Joy they were received of all, eſpecially by *Terrey* and *Oſile*, and the old Earl their Father, as tho'e that had by much the greateſt Intereſt in what *Guy*'s martial Proweſs had atchiev'd. But after he had ſtaid two Days to reſt himſelf, being almoſt tyr'd with their extream Kindneſs, *Heraud* and he took leave, and ſo departed, carrying their Prayers and their good Wiſhes with them.

Thus to be doing good, was ſtill Guy*'s lot;*
Others the Profit, he the Honour got.
Where-e'er he came, he ſet th' Oppreſſed free,
And to th' Pris'ners he gave Liberty:
But was the Scourge of wicked Tyrants ſtill;
Not ſparing thoſe whom he found doing ill.

CHAP. XI.

How Guy *and* Heraud, *after having parted from Earl* Terry, *met with a monſtrous Boar, which* Guy *kill'd: How he was entertain'd by the Duke of* Lovain *and* Lorain, *and afterwards return'd into* England: *How he kill'd a dreadful Dragon in* Northumberland, *and of the Honour done him by the King, and his Reception by fair* Phælice.



GUY and his Friend having thus took their leaves of *Terry* and the fair *Oſile*, as we have ſaid already, bending their Courſe toward ther native Land, reſolv'd to ſee Duke *Lovain* in their Way. But as they rid thorow a deſert Place, dark and obſcur'd by the thick ſhady Trees, which hardly

hardly would admit the Sun to enter; they on a ſudden met the hugeſt Boar, that ever mortal Eyes had yet beheld: Altho' (ſaid *Guy* to *Heraud*) I intended to draw my Sword no more till I ſaw *England*, and laid it down at my fair *Phælice*'s Feet, yet ſuch a Monſter is ſufficient Warrant to draw it once again, leſt it ſhould live to be a Plague to all the Country near it. And therefore prithee keep thyſelf at diſtance, and give me leave to encounter it alone. This ſaid, away went *Guy*, and met the Boar, as he was haſting to him full of Rage, which *Guy* perceiving, ſtood upon his Guard, that ſo he might avoid his dreadful Tusks; then on his ſwiniſh Head ſo hard he laid, that dead he left him, who had many ſlain, for from that Wood ſcarce any Man came back, which was the Cauſe it was ſo unfrequented. The Monſter being dead, *Guy* cut his Head off (huge as it was) and put on his Spear, and carried it unto Duke *Lovain*'s Court. The very Monſter's Head appeared ſo terrible, it frighted People as they rid along, altho' they then were ſure it cou'd not hurt 'em.

Guy being come unto Duke *Lovain*'s Court, did there preſent him with the Monſter's Head, which had deſtroy'd ſo many of his Subjects.

Guy, ſaid the Duke, I have had large experience of your great Kindneſs and your Love to me: And this laſt valiant Act that you have done in killing this prodigious monſtrous Boar, which has of late made ſuch exceeding Havock of my Subjects, and of all Paſſengers that came that Way, ſurpaſſes all the reſt, and makes me ſtill much more indebted to you. But to declare the Welcome that he gave him with all his warlike Trumpets, Drums and Clarions, and all his Nobles coming to congratulate *Guy*'s ſafe Return; with all the Entertainments that were made him; and how the Duke of *Lorain* too came thither, on Notice given of *Guy*'s arrival there, that ſo he might embrace that matchleſs Man, of whom Fame had ſuch wondrous things declar'd; I ſay, ſhould I relate all this at large, 'twould ſwell this little Book into a Volume. Suffice it therefore here to let you know *Guy* ſo much long'd to be with his fair *Phælice*, that he was weary of the Honours done him; and begg'd they'd let him now return for *England*: Which, after having treated him ten Days, they did conſent to, and forthwith order'd one of their beſt Ships to be new-rigg'd and fitted up, for *Guy* to ſail to *England* in; and then accompanying him to the Sea-ſide: Go ſaid the Dukes, and proſper, thou brave Engliſh

liſh Man, the moſt renowned VVorthy of the VVorld: thrice happy is the Land that gave thee Birth, and much more happy is thy faireſt *Phælice*, that muſt embrace the Hero in her Arms: May Victory attend upon thy ſide, and may thy Brows be with freſh Lawrels crown'd.

Guy having given 'em his hearty Thanks for all the undeſerved Honours paid him, ſtrait hoiſted Sail, and having a fair Wind, in four Days time arriv'd on Engliſh Ground: the Noiſe of which ſoon reach'd King *Athelſtone*, who then at *York* his Royal Palace kept: Thither (being commanded by the King) he forthwith went to pay his Duty and Allegiance to him. The King received him (for *Heraud* was with *Guy* where-e'er he went) with ſo much Joy and Goodneſs, that nothing could be more; welcoming them with ſuch kind Words as theſe:

Welcome to me, renowned martial Men; my Princely Love upon you I beſtow; I in your fortunate Succeſs rejoyce; for Fame has loudly told us all your Story. *Guy*, thou haſt laid a heavy Hand, I hear, on Pagan-Infidels, and by thy Sword haſt ſent them home to the dark Vaults, where Unbelievers dwell. Devouring Beaſts thou alſo haſt deſtroyed, that has the Terror been of humane Creatures: Yet wor-

worthy Man, I think thou ne'er didſt ſlay of all thoſe Monſters terrible and wild, a Creature that's more cruel, than there's one that at this day deſtroys whate'er he meets, no farther off than is *Northumberland*, which is a dreadful Dragon that haunts there. I ſpeak not this to animate thee on, and hazard Life at ſetting foot on Shore; for divers have endeavoured to deſtroy this wicked Beaſt, and periſhed in the Attempt. No, *Guy*, I ſpeak only to ſhew thy Happineſs, which has exceeded that of other Men, by freeing of them from their Fears and Dangers.

Dread Lord, ſaid *Guy*, as I am an *Engliſh* Knight, faithful to God, and loyal to my King, I am reſolved to go and ſee this Dragon, and ſee whether my Sword cann't work upon him; for I already have a Dragon kill'd, whom with a Lion firſt I found engaged, and whom he'd alſo like to overcome; but Heaven my Arm ſo ſtrengthened, that I ſoon overcame his Power, and ſo I will do this: Then taking his humble leave, away he rides unto *Northumberland* to find the Dragon, having a dozen Knights to be his Guides, who brought him where the Dragon kept his Den, feaſting himſelf with nought but humane Fleſh: Now 'tis enough, ſaid *Guy*, do you ſtand off, and give me leave

to

to find this Hydra's Head. He that has fed ſo much on humane Fleſh, ſhall never more devour a Man again. But, Gentlemen, if here you pleaſe to ſtay, you of our Battel may Spectators be.

Then going to the Cave, the Dragon 'ſpy'd him, and forth he ſtalks with lofty ſpeckled Breaſt, of Form moſt dreadful; which when *Guy* beheld, into its Reſt he forthwith put his Launce, then ſpurs his Horſe, and to the Dragon makes, encountering each the other with ſuch Fury, as ſhak'd the very Ground under 'em. Then *Guy* recoils, and turns about his Horſe, and come upon him with redoubled Might: The Dragon meets him with reſiſtleſs Force, and, like a Reed, bit his ſtrong Launce

Lance in two. Nay, then, ſaid *Guy*, if you are ſo good at Biting, I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal: And drew his never-failing flaming Sword, and on him fell, with furious Blows ſo fierce, that many wide and bloody Wounds he made. At which the Dragon yawn'd like Hell's wide Mouth, roaring aloud with a moſt hideous Noiſe, and with his Claws all rent and tore the Ground: Impatient of the Smart he underwent, he with his Wings would raiſe his Body up, but *Guy* with a bold Stroke ſo cool'd his Courage, that to diſtend his VVings he wanted Strength; and with a few Strokes more, *Guy* brought him down upon the Ground all wallowing in his blood, and from his Mouth a fiery Flake proceeded, whilſt *Guy* with all his Might was ſevering his monſtrous Head from his more monſtrous Body; which when he had done, Now, bloody Fiend, ſaid he, thou haſt thy juſt deſerv'd Recompence, for all the humane Blood which thou haſt ſhed. And now upon this broken piece of Spear, unto the King I'll bear thy monſtrous Head, which will by him, I'm ſure, be well accepted.

The joyful Knights then went and took a View of that ſame fearful Creature, without Fear; which was indeed of ſtrange and ugly Hue; all wondring how 'twas poſ-

poſſible to eſcape thoſe Teeth and Claws, ſo dreadful ſharp and long: And when they'd fixt the Head upon a ſpear, and took a Meaſure of the Body's length, unto the King (who had remov'd his Court from *York* to *Lincoln*) they repair with ſpeed, where he with ſome Impatience waited their Return; who in his Arms embraced the warlike *Guy*, congratulating of his Victory: Then looking on the Dragon's fearful Head, Heaven, Shield, ſaid he, and ſave me from all Harm! Why, here's a Face may well out-face the Devil. What ſtaring Eyes of burning Glaſs be theſe, that might (alive) two flaming Beacons ſeem! What Scales of Harneſs arm the crooked Noſe! And Teeth more ſtrong and ſharp than thoſe of Steel. And ſure that gaping Mouth and forked Tongue may, even dead, make all the Living fear, but more rejoyce, that thou haſt overcome it.——Victorious Knight, thy Actions we admire, and place thee highly in our Royal Favour: Throughout the ſpacious Orb thy Fame ſhall ſpread more lofty than the *Primum Mobile*. To the ſucceeding Ages of the World thy Victories ſhall be tranſmitted down. For I will have the Monſter's Picture drawn on Cloth of Arras, curiouſly wrought, which I in *Warwick* Caſtle will have plac'd, there to remain, and

tell

tell to After-Ages, that worthy *Guy* a Man of matchleſs Strength, and equal Courage, deſtroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length. And on this Caſtle Wall, we'll place this Head, here to remain till length of Time conſumes it. And Nobles all, make a triumphant Feſtival, and give our Knight the Honour that he merits.

While thus at *Linccln* Guy *was* entertain'd, and feaſted by the King in Royal manner, he one Day took an Opportunity to tell the King the Cauſe of his Adventures, and that he did it for the love of *Phœlice*, Earl *Roband*'s only Daughter; and humbly then beſought his Royal Majeſty, to intercede for him unto the Earl, who yet knew nothing of their Loves; and that he'd give Conſent unto their Marriage.

The King aſſured him that he wou'd not only uſe his Intereſt with the Earl her Father, to obtain his Conſent, but would himſelf honour their Nuptials with his Royal Preſence: With which *Guy* was well pleas'd, and humbly thank'd his Majeſty.

Now all *Guy*'s Thoughts were taken up with *Phœlice*, to whom he was preparing to be gone: But *Phœlice* hearing that he was at *Lincoln*, and how he had been in *Northumberland*, and kill'd a Dragon there; began to be impatient at his ſtay: And there-

thereupon ſhe came herſelf to *Lincoln*; and happily ſurpriz'd her *Guy*, as he was ready to depart for *Warwick*: With *Juno*'s kind Embrace and *Venus* Kiſs, *Phælice* embrac'd her long expected Lover; and *Guy* returns it with that eagerneſs, which in the Wars of *Mars* he uſed to ſhew, glad that he now has *Phælice* in his Arms: But after the firſt Tranſports were a little over, *Phælice*, to chide her Lover, thus begins: Forgetful Love, and too too ſlow, ſaid ſhe, I fear thou didſt not mind thy honeſt Friend: What! ſeek a Dragon e'r thou lookeſt for me! And hazard Life, yet neither come nor ſend, to know if I remained in happy State. Some jealous Women would, perhaps, ſuppoſe ſhe had been ſlighted, but I've no ſuch Thoughts; not but I wiſh, I I muſt confeſs indeed, I'd been the firſt that thou hadſt ſeen on Shore; but thou art welcome to thy *Phælice* now, and ſhalt no more unto the Wars go forth, but lye within my peaceful Arms at Home. No, thou haſt fought, my Dear, too much already. For War's ſtern Face has ſtole thy Smiles away; but Love will change thy Countenance again, and make thy Looks ſuch as I ſaw 'em firſt, when I firſt choſe, and gave my Heart to thee.

Ah *Phælice!* *Guy* replyed to her again, What Toils have I gone through for love

of

of thee! And canſt thou doubt that ever *Guy* ſhould ſlight thee? No, firſt the Sun ſhall ceaſe to give us Light, and all the Stars ſhall leave their ſhining Orbs, before one Thought ſhall wander from my *Phælice*, I've learnt the Art of War enough already, now in Love's School I'll take new Leſſons out; and doubt not but to be a good Proficient in that more eaſy and delightful Exerciſe. I have already made a Friend my *Phælice*, whoſe powerful Interceſſion to thy Father, ſhall gain me his Conſent to marry thee; and when I tell thee the King himſelf, I doubt not but you'll be of my Opinion.

His Interceſſion, *Phælice* then reply'd, will be, no doubt, effectual with my Father; but I believe your Merits are ſo great you'll have no need of any Interceſſor: for I am ſure my Father ſpeaks of you, as one for whom he has the utmoſt Value.

Why then, ſaid *Guy*, and ſmiled, let us to *Warwick*, a Place I love the beſt in all the World, becauſe it is a Place that brought up thee, and there I firſt was with thy Beauty bleſt. I love the Caſtle and the Caſtle ground, for there, my *Phælice*, firſt thy Face I ſaw. Let's haſte, my Love, to that delightful Seat, and ſeal thoſe Vows we've to each other made; long, methinks, at Church to ſay theſe

Word

Words, *I* Guy, *take* Phælice *to my wedded Wife*; and to hear the Immediately reply, *And I take* Guy *to be my wedded Husband.*

To which *Phælice*, with an Air that shew'd how well she was pleas'd, made reply:

Tho' now our Satisfaction's very great,
Yet until then our Joys cann't be compleat;
There's Pleasure in the Ways that to it tend,
But Hymen's *Joys must always Crown the End.*

CHAP. XII.

How Guy *and* Phælice *were married, with an Account of their ſplendid Wedding: How he ſoon after vow'd a Pilgrimage, and travell'd to the Holy Land, &c.*

GUY and fair *Phælice* having both agreed with ſpeed to conſummate their mutual Joys, and tye that Knot that only Death can loſe, at *Hymen*'s ſacred Temple, firſt went to wait upon the King and Queen, and humbly to invite them to their Wedding, which they agreed on ſuch a Day; then took their Leaves, and thence repair'd to *Warwick*.

Earl *Roband* had had Letters from the King, letting him know that *Guy* was then in *England*; and that for Love of his fair beau-

beauteous Daughter, he'd undertook the dreadful Toils of War; and coming now to *Warwick* to ask his Conſent, and then to celebrate his Nuptials there. Earl *Roband*, overjoy'd at this good News, immediately went forth to meet his new elected Son-in-law.

Guy, ſeeing that the Earl was coming towards him, alighted from his Horſe, and low unto the Ground he bow'd himſelf, but the good Earl ſoon rais'd him with his Hand, and tenderly embrac'd him in his Arms with all the Expreſſions of true Love and Friendſhip. *Guy* then inform'd him of his Love to *Phælice*, begging his Pardon for his great Preſumption, and humbly asking his Conſent to marry her: To whom Earl *Roband* made this kind Reply, My Daughter, worthy *Guy*, I freely give thee; nor is there any thing on this ſide Heaven, I've more deſir'd than ſuch a Husband for her: That when, in the Annals of ſucceeding Ages, thy wondrous Story ſhall at large be told, my Daughter may be mentioned as thy Wife, and that Earl *Roband* alſo was thy Father; and that from thee, and from my Daughter *Phælice*, ſo numerous an Iſſue may proceed, as may in time fill all the World with Heroes. *Guy*, humbly thanking him for his Conſent, told him, the greateſt Honour he

could boaſt of, was to have ſuch an Earl to be his Father, and ſuch a Lady for his Wife as *Phælice*.

Then *Phelice*, being called, was ask'd, If ſhe was willing to have *Guy* to be her Huſband? Who, with a Virgin-bluſh, declared her Satisfaction. The next thing now, was for the happy Day in which their Nuptials were to be conſummated.

And now the long-expected Day is come, in which theſe Lovers muſt compleat their Happineſs; and all the Honours *Hymen* can diſpence, he freely gives, to grace the Wedding-feaſt: For Royal *Athelſtone* and his fair Queen, to grace this Nuptial in their Pomp appear'd: The Nobles likewiſe, in their richeſt Robes, with worthy Knights and Gentlemen, beſides Ladies of Honour ſtrive t'out-vye each other, in honouring valiant *Guy* and his fair Bride: There wanted nothing that could be procured to pleaſe the Eye, or to content the Mind: Maſques, Midnight Revels, Tilts and Turnaments, with ſtately ſhews, and acting ancient Stories, and Banquets proper for ſuch Royal Gueſts. The Tables were with ſuch great Plenty ſtor'd, that neither Fiſh nor Fleſh were wanting; and Bowls of Nectar crown'd their Entertainment. Nor was the choiceſt Muſick wanting there; while Healths were

were drank to the fair Bride and Bridegroom.

Ten Days this Wedding-feaſt was celebated, and all the Country round the better for it: (for good Earl *Roband* ne'er forgot the Poor.) And then the King and Queen (wiſhing all Health and Happineſs to the new-married Couple, and the good Earl that had ſo nobly treated them) returned again to *Lincoln*.

But as our Lives are made of Chequer-work, and Joy and Mourning take their ſeveral Turns; ſo this great Joy was quickly after ſhadowed with a black Cloud of Sorrow; for hardly had the inconſtant Queen of Night took up her Nocturnal Ramble through the Heavens, (which Journey uſually ſhe makes in eight and twenty Days, or thereabouts) but good Earl *Roband*, (*Phelices* worthy Father) reſigns this Life for Immortality, and unto *Guy* bequeaths his whole Eſtate; which fill'd 'em both with an unuſual Grief, in loſing both a *Father* and a *Friend*: But, by his Death, *Guy* became Earl of *Warwick*, confirm'd therein by Royal *Arbelſtone*; and all his Lands and Lordſhips now are his, and he declared a Nobleman of *England*.

But, ah! How ſmall a Satisfaction 'tis that all the Honours of the World can

give us! For now Earl *Guy*, reflecting on paſt Actions, can find no Comfort in the ſad Reflection: He ſees thoſe things that gave him his Renown, were vain and wicked in the ſight of Heaven. Oft would he ſit and meditate alone, on thoſe vain Steps that his raſh Youth had trod; then to himſelf with Groans and grievous Sighs, wou'd he cry out, O pardon me, juſt Heaven! I have done nothing yet thy Grace to purchaſe, but ſpent my Time about a Woman's Face; for Beauty I have ſhed a world of Blood, hating all others for one mortal Creature. How many Days I've waſted for a Wife, but for my Sins ne'er ſpent one weeping Hour! 'tis now high time Repentance to begin; henceforth the Remnant of my Days I'll ſpend in contrite Sorrow for my former Sins, that Heaven may pardon all the erring Ways whereby fond Fleſh and Blood deceived me. Unto the World I'll now go learn to dye, let me be cenſur'd for it as Men lift; I'll pleaſe my Maker in whate'er I can. Ambitious Pride hath been my Youth's Diſeaſe: I'll teach Age Meekneſs, e'er my Glaſs be run, and bid Farewel to Honour, Wealth, and Beauty: I'll go thro' Hell it ſelf to purchaſe Heaven.

Phælice, perceiving he was Melancholy, unto him came, and with him thus diſcours'd,

My

My deareſt Lord, Why are you chang'd of late? Let me, as in your Joys I ſhare, ſo likewiſe in your Sorrows bear a part. If I've in any thing offended you, let me know it, and I'll inſtantly confeſs my Fault, and make you Satisfaction.

No, my dear Love, ſaid *Guy*, 'tis not with thee, 'tis with myſelf that I am diſcontented, By the Light of Grace, I ſee the Faults of Nature: I'm dead in Sin, altho' I ſeem alive. *Phœlice*, my Sins, my countleſs Sins appear; crying, Repent, and clear thy guilty Conſcience. I muſt deal with thee, as *Bavarus* dealt (a Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his Wife, who from a deep Impreſſion that he felt, ſolemnly vow'd perpetual Chaſtity. Intreating thee, even as thou lov'ſt my Soul, not to diſſuade me from what I have done: Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfride* did, a Chriſtian Woman, ſometime *England*'s Queen, who, once with Child, did from her Husband's Bed abſent herſelf for ever? And can'ſt not thou, the *Phenix* of the Realm, by Imitation, win immortal Praiſe, leaving thy pure and ſpotleſs Chaſtity to be admired by ſucceeding Ages? I know thou canſt, thy greater Part's Divine; and will thy Soul's Advantage much prefer. Thou did'ſt procure, altho' I did excuſe it, my Pride, by Conqueſts to ob-

tain thy Love: Heaven gave me Valour, but I did abuſe it: My Heart and Thoughts were too much elevated. I thought the Crowns of Kings were things inferiour, and hardly worth accepting: But now I all ſuch Follies do condemn, reſolving to become another Man, and travel for the welfare of my Soul; not as before, upon my Hoſe in Armour, but in a Gown of Gray, a Palmer's Weed: Obſcure my Journey, for no Leave I'll take, but only leave my endleſs Love to thee: Here is my Ring, receive this ſmall Memorial, and ſtear the ſame, to make thee think on me: Let me have thine, which for thy ſake I'll keep, till with his cold Hand Death ſhall cloſe my Eyes.

When *Ihelice* heard this ſtrange ſurprizing Tale, judge, you that can, how much ſhe wrung her Hands, how much ſhe ſigh'd, how many Tears ſhe ſhed; yet wondrous meekly contradicted nothing: For the Devotion of that Age was ſuch, thoſe were thought bleſſed who retir'd themſelves, and whin'd away their Days in Solitude, leaving the World, and its bewitching Vanities.

And now he throws away his Princely Cloathing, wherein he glittered with almoſt that Splendor wherein the Noon-day Sun to us appears: Now his beſt Habit was a home-ſpun Gray, ſuch as employs the

the poor plain Country People: A Staff, a Scrip, and in his Hat a Scallop-ſhell, not to be known, nor in the leaſt admired: And thus with penſive Heart and doleful Tears, he leaves ſweet *England*, and his fai-

reſt *Phælice*, who in her Face a Map of Sorrow wears: All ſad and mournful was her Countenance, for ſhe to all Delight had bid Farewel, ſince ſhe from her lov'd Lord was parted thus.

Guy journeys on towards the holy Land, where once *Jeruſalem*'s fair City ſtood, in which our Saviour's Head was crown'd with Thorns, without whoſe Gate he ſhed for us his Blood: To ſee his Sepulchre was his Deſign, the Tomb that *Joſeph* unto Jeſus lent; with tedious Miles he tir'd

his weary Feet, and through vaſt Deſarts paſs'd a thouſand Dangers. And, whilſt he thus purſuing was his Way, he happen'd to meet with a moſt woful Wight, a Man that was no ſtranger unto Sorrow, for he had fifteen Sons that were all Captives in ſlaviſh Bondage, and the extreameſt Miſery, kept by a mercileſs and monſtrous Giant: Which preſs'd their wretched Father with that Grief, that he was almoſt worn away to nothing: And being paſt all hopes to find relief, thus to himſelf bewail'd his ſad Condition:

Unhappy Man, yea, thrice unhappy I, who court in vain the laſt of Remedies: In vain I ſeek for Death, which flies me ſtill, tho' nothing elſe can eaſe the Woes I feel! Ah! cruel Tyrant, that of all my Sons could'ſt not afford me one to comfort me, and with his Hand to cloſe my dying Eyes! But out, alas! were they but happy there, I mattered not, tho' I ne'er ſaw 'em more! But Oh, to think upon their Miſeries, pierces my Heart more than a thouſand Swords! And that which pierces deepeſt to my Heart, is this one Thought, There they muſt ſtill remain, and ſuffer without hope of Remedy: This cutting Thought is more than I can bear, and therefore thus I'll end my wretched Life. And, as he ſpoke theſe Words, he drew

drew his Sword, with an Intent to ſheath it in his Bowels. But *Guy*, that liſtened to his ſad Complaint ſtept in, in time, and happily prevented him. Hold, Father, ſaid he, yield not to Deſpair; for you may live to ſee your Sons at Liberty: I've heard your ſad Complaint, and Heaven has ſent me juſt in the Nick of Time to right your Wrongs.

The melancholly Man was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a Stranger in that lonely Place; then, looking ſtedfaſtly upon him, ſaid, Alas, poor Pilgrim! I'm beholding to thee, that to allay my cruel Miſeries wouldſt flatter me to hope, when there's not room for't: My Wrongs are grown ſo great, they're paſt thy righting; and Death alone is that which muſt relieve me. O ſay not ſo, ſaid *Guy*, tho' I'm a Pilgrim, thou do'ſt not know the Strength that's in theſe Arms; eſpecially when Heaven invigorates them to fight in a juſt Cauſe. Let me but know where 'tis thy Sons are in Captivity, and leave the reſt to me.

Know then, kind Pilgrim, ſaid the unhappy Man, ſince you've a Mind to underſtand my Miſery, that in yon Caſtle, made impregnable, as well by Art as Nature, there dwells one *Amarat*, of monſtrous ſize, that's from the Race of ancient

Giants

Giants ſprung, who does ſupport his great and bulky Carcaſs only, by feeding upon humane Fleſh; and therefore ſeizes all that paſs theſe Woods: And therefore, dead or living, bears them hence, into that curſed Shambles of Deſtruction; making no difference of either Sex, but this, that with the Women he ſatisfies his Luſt, and with the Men his Hunger. My only Daughter, unadviſedly as her ill Fortune ſure enough would have it, paſſing this way, was taken by the Monſter: This ſtirr'd the Anger of my fifteen Sons, who were reſolv'd to reſcue their poor Siſter, but in the vain Attempt were taken Priſoners; yet, for their Siſter's ſake, their Lives are ſpar'd, tho' they endure a thouſand Deaths for one.

Your Caſe, ſaid *Guy*, is ſad, and I muſt pity you; but am reſolved to try what I can do, if you'll but truſt me with your Sword and Armour, to kill the Tyrant and redeem your Children.

Moſt willingly, reply'd the hopeleſs Man, would I contribute unto their Releaſe; but am afraid you'll rather fall your ſelf into the Tyrant's Clutches, than redeem thoſe that are there already; but however, my Sword and Armour at your Service are; and may you meet with the Succeſs that's anſwerable to your matchleſs

leſs Courage: Well, ſaid *Guy* to him, ſtay you, and Pray, and doubt not my Succeſs againſt the Tyrant.

Guy hereupon went up ſtraight to the Caſtle, his Thoughts being employ'd to think what Way he'd beſt to take to get the Tyrant out; not doubting then but o'ercome him eaſily. So, going to the Gate, he knock'd thereat like one that wou'd come in, and had ſome Buſineſs of great Conſequence: The Giant never was ſo rouz'd before; for at his Gate none us'd to knock ſo hard: He therefore takes his Club and Keys, and open-

ing of the gate goes out, ſtaring about with watchful Countenance: Then ſeeing *Guy*, thus with Diſdain and Anger, he addreſſes him,

him, Sirrah, ſaid he, what Buſineſs have you here? Have you a mind to feaſt the Crows, and have your Quarters hang upon theſe Walls? For what elſe is it that you can expect? You might have heard, that there's no Ranſom here, for any one that falls within my Clutches; but if you're ignorant, and know it not, this Club that's in my Hand ſhall teach you better.

Guy, nothing daunted with his Bugbear Words, reply'd again, Why, how now; Are you quarrelſom? You ſeem to be a very cholerick Perſon: But I've a Weapon here ſhall match your Club, and quickly bring you to a better Temper: And ſo expecting no Return again, he draws his Sword, and with the ſame ſalutes him about the Head, the Shoulders, and the Sides, whilſt his erected Club did Death proclaim; ſtriding, like a *Coloſſus*, o'er the *Helleſpont*, but on the Ground in vain he ſpent his Strokes; for *Guy* was much too nimble for him ſtill, for before he could heave his Club again, *Guy* would beſure to give him t'other Stroke; for *Guy* for that Advantage always watch'd: At length, thro' thirſt, the Giant-feeble grew, and ſaid to *Guy*, As thou'rt of Humane kind, give leave that Nature's Wants may be ſupply'd, and let me go and drink

in

in yonder Place: Thou can'ſt not yield to a Requeſt more ſmall, than to grant Life a Draught of poor cold Water. I grant thee leave, quoth *Guy*; go drink thy Fill; pledge both the Savage Boar and the Dragon too: But never think again to drink cold Water. Think, when thou drinkeſt, that now thou drink'ſt thy laſt. So to the Spring he goes, and there his Thirſt he quenches with almoſt a Tun of Water. *Guy* was amaz'd to ſee him drink ſo much, and to the Combat haſtens him again: Come, come, ſaid he, thou'rt long about thy Liquor, thou'lt wrong the Fiſh that in the River ſwim; but I will ſee they ſhall have Satisfaction, for with thy Blood their Wants ſhall be ſupplied. Villain, quoth *Amarat*, (for that's the Name by which this monſtrous Giant muſt be call'd) I cruſh thee in an Inſtant; thy Life ſhall pay thy daring Tongue's Offence; this Club (which is about an hundred Weight) ſhall my Commiſſion be to ſend thee packing: For Ravens Diet thou ſhalt ſoon be dreſs'd; I'll break thy Bones, as tho' they were but Reeds. Incenſed much by this bold Pagan's Brags, which worthy *Guy* no longer could endure, he ſpends his Blows on thoſe ſupporting Poſts, which like to Columes did his Body bear. The Giant for thoſe Wounds in Choler grew, and

deſpe-

desperately at *Guy* he threw his Club; which did directly light upon his Body, and threw him by its Weight upon the Ground; and, e'er *Guy* could recover from his Fall, the Giant got his Club again in his Fist, and struck at *Guy* another desperate Blow; but missing *Guy*, stuck it fast into the Ground. Traytor, quoth *Guy*, thy falshood I'll repay; this Act, basely to spill my Blood. Says *Amarat*, Against an Enemy there's nothing base: I'll murder any way; could I but Poyson in thy Nostrils blow, thou soon should'st see that I'll dispatch thee by it. 'Tis well, said *Guy*, thou openest thy black Thoughts; thy beastly Bulk is sure the Devil's Dwelling: They are thy Tenants whilst thou livest here; but when thou comest to Hell they will be thy Landlords. Vile Miscreant, prepare thee for that Place, the just Reward of such inhumane Monsters. But breathe thyself a time, while I go drink, for flaming *Phœbus*, with his fiery Eye, torments me so with Heat, that I believe my Thirst could scarce be quenched with an Ocean. Thou knowest, to thee I granted the same Kindness. Quoth *Amarat*, Thou hast no Fool of me; no, silly Wretch, I have more Wit than so: By all my Gods, I do rejoyce to find that Thirst constrains thee now; for all the Treasure of the World can boast of, one

Drop

Drop of Water ſhall not cool thy Veins. Relieve my Foe, and unto my own Wrongs, refreſh my Adverſary! Why this wou'd be a Mad-man's part indeed! If thou imagin'ſt this, thou art a Child. No Fellow, I have known the World too long to be ſo ſimple; now I know thy Wants, I will not grant one Minute's ſpace of Breathing: And with theſe Words, heaving aloft his Club into the Air, he ſwings the ſame about; then rubs his Temples, and his Locks doth ſhake, and, like the Cyclops, in his Pride he ſtruts: Sirrah, ſaid he, I heave a Lift to you, and the next Blow I ſtrike, you'll breathe your laſt; for with this Stroke you ſhall for ever periſh. Take thou no Care for Drink, for never more a Draught of Water ſhall come near thy Lips; but with thy Blood I'll ſoon carouſe full merrily: Here's at thee with a Butcher's downright Blow, for 'tis thy Blood that muſt aſſuage my Fury.

Infernal, falſe, obdurate Friend, ſaid *Guy*, thou ſeem'ſt an Imp of Cruelty from Hell: Ingrateful Monſter, ſince thou haſt deny'd that thing to me wherein I us'd thee well, I'll with my Sword take the more deep Revenge on thy accurſed Head, and quickly make thee ſhorter by ſo much. Now Thirſt, Farewel, I do diſdain to

drink,

drink, and therefore let the River keep its Water, or let Wild Beasts be welcome thereunto, for with its pearly Drops will I not meddle. Now, Tyrant, 'tis thy lateſt Hour is come. For tho' perhaps you'll take the Greeting ill, yet 'tis with a Good will I give it you; and thereupon he gave him ſuch a Blow, as made the Monſter tumble on the Ground. Then *Guy* ſet Foot upon the Monſter's Breaſt, and from his Shoulders did his Head divide, which with a yawning Mouth did widely gape; no Dragon's Jaws were ever larger ſeen, to open and to ſhut, till Life was gone: And then *Guy* took Poſſeſſion of the Keys, and with them opened all the Caſtle-gates; where many woful Captives he ſet free, that had been long in Miſery confined, and had been tryed with great Extremities: And when he of their Miſeries enquired, each told a Tale which from his Eyes drew Tears, and which they could not tell without ſad Sighs, at the Remembrance of their barbarous Uſage. There tender Ladies in dark Dungeons lay, that in that deſart Wood had been ſurprized; and every Day no other Diet had, than Fleſh of humane Creatures for their Food: Some with their Lovers Bodies had been fed, burying their Husbands Bodies in their Wombs.

Now

Now *Guy* bethinks him of the oppreſſed Knight, with whom he left his Pilgrim's Gown and Staff, and of his captive Sons impriſoned there; and blames himſelf that firſt of all he had not releaſed the wronged Brethren from their Woes: Then on he goes, and, as he ſearched about, he grievous Cries and Lamentations heard, which as a Clue, led him to the fatal Place; where, finding an obſcure and darkſom Gate, all ſtrongly covered o'er with Plates of Iron, he looked amongſt his Keys, and there found one that ſoon unlock'd, and gave him Entrance there. He was no ſooner entered, but beheld the ſtrangeſt Sights that ever his Eyes beheld: Men that had there, by ſlow degrees, been famiſhed, and could but juſt be ſaid to be alive, looking like Pictures which the Painters Draws, when to our Eyes they Death would repreſent: Of theſe ſome by the Thumbs were hanged up, ſome by the Heels, and others by the Middle. With Diligence he takes them from the Walls, telling them they were now at Liberty; which happy Sound revived their drooping Spirits. Then *Guy* to the perplexed Knight, their Father, repairs, and tells him what Succeſs he'd had againſt the inhumane Keeper of that Caſtle, then bids him come, and there receive his Sons:

Tho'

Tho' poor and faint, ſaid *Guy*, yet they're alive, accept of that, and ſeek to nouriſh them. The Father's Joy was ſcarce to be expreſs'd; but when he ſaw what Skelletons they were, how like the living Images of Death, he ſcarce had Strength to out-live that wretched Sight: And the glad Sons, ſeeing themſelves at liberty and their poor aged Father ſtill alive, were at a loſs how to expreſs their Thanks to him that had ſo generouſly deliver'd them.

Guy then unto their Father gave the Keys, ſaying, This Caſtle do I give to thee, where Tyranny has dwelt ſo many Years; let it be now a Place where pious Pilgrims and weary Travellers may find Refreſhment. Thoſe tender Ladies that were Priſoners here, let them be ſent away with Eaſe and Safety, where they deſire, when they have Strength to travel; and always ſee you uſe wrong'd Women well. Men may revenge the Wrongs that they receive, but Women have no Strength to right themſelves.

The good old Knight, ſurpriz'd with Joy and Wonder, fell on the Ground, and would have kiſs'd *Guy*'s Feet, *Father*, ſaid *Guy*, I pray forbear this Homage; no Honour's due to me for what I've done; it was a ſtronger Arm than mine that did it, and unto him let all the Praiſe be given.

And

And now, I pray, exchange with me again: Take you your Coat of Mail, and your ſtrong Sword; give me my Staff, and my poor Palmer's Weed, for to the holy Land my Courſe is bent.

Ambitious Pride hath hurt me all it can,
And now I'll mortify a ſinful Man.

CHAP. XIII.

How Guy's *Departure out of* England *is taken; how he employ'd his Time in his Pilgrimage; how* Phælice *ſpent her Time in his Abſence; and how, in his Return, he routed* Amanthus's *Army, and reſtor'd his old Friend, Earl* Terry, *to his Lordſhips, and afterwards return'd into* England *unknown.*

HOW *Guy* turn'd Pilgrim, we before have told; but now it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of what was ſaid, both by the King and the Nobility, of his ſo ſtrange and ſudden a Departure; which was no ſooner known at Court, but both the King and the Nobility were ſtruck with Admiration, that *Guy*, who had ſo famous been for Deeds of Chivalry, and had performed ſo many mighty Acts, all for the Love of *Phælice*, ſhould ſo ſoon leave his fair and beauteous Spouſe,

Spouſe, for a ſad, toilſom, ſolitary Life: Yet was his Piety commended highly, who ſet a greater Value on his Soul, which by Repentance he refined from Sin, than upon all the Honour he had won, or glittering Treaſures that he was poſſeſſed of.

Now let us look on *Guy*, the Man that ſought to find out Quarrels for his Recreation, who for his *Phœlice* rang'd the World about, delighting moſt in Combats and Alarms: But now he from his former Mind eſtranged, ſhuns all Occaſions that may cauſe Debate. In his own Wrongs he has vowed no Blow to ſtrike; nor Injury nor Abuſe ſhall force him to it; for he his natural Temper hath ſubdued, and taken Patience by the Hand for's Guide, to lead his Thoughts where Meekneſs keeps her Reſidence. No worldly Joy can give his Mind Content: Delights are gone, as tho' they ne'er had been, and to Repent is now his only Care, for ſpending of his Youth in ſerving Sin; in contrite Sorrow now he'll paſs his Age, that little time to come, which Life ſhall borrow. Sad were his Looks, and pale was his Complexion, his Diet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare: Like a religious Man he led his Life, in a poor homely thin and thread-bare Habit; his Dignities and Honours

ours were forgotten, nor did the *War-*
ick Earldom now regard. Sometimes he
ould go ſearch into a Grave, and there
ould find a rotten dead Man's Skull;
d with the ſame would hold a Confe-
nce, examining at large each Vanity:
nd then himſelf would anſwer for the
lead; as if the dead Man anſwered for
imſelf: If thou haſt been a Monarch,
here's thy Crown? Or, who now ſtands
n fear of thy ſtern Looks? Death hath
f my Renown a Conqueſt made, my gol-
den Scepter he has taken from me, and
ow 'tis wielded by another Hand; and I
m now become ſo poor a Thing, my
pooreſt Subjects envy not my Place. Per-
haps thou'ſt been ſome Chancellor of State,
whoſe potent Wit a mighty Realm did
rule, where is the Policy of late thou
had'ſt? Conſum'd and gone; like to an
idle Dream; I have not ſo much Wit as
will ſuffice to kill theſe Worms that thus
infeſt my Coffin. Perhaps thou waſt ſome
beauteous Lady's Face, for whoſe dear
ſake ſome have done ſtrange Exploits,
even ſuch as (when the Caſe was once my
own) I, for my deareſt *Phælice*, have per-
form'd. Perhaps there was a Skin about
his Skull fairer than that which *Hellen*'s
was enclos'd in; and on this Scalp, bare
d Worm-eaten now, where nothing

elſe

elſe is to be ſeen but Bone, ſuch yellow Locks of Hair were to be beheld, which for their Beauty were eſteem'd like Gold and in theſe hollow Caves, two cryſtal Eyes, and here ſuch Lips as Love for Kiſſing craves. But what's of all this Beauty now become, ſo precious once in the eſteem of Men? By powerful Death unto the Duſt 'tis turned, grone loathſome filthy, and trod under Foot; and now there's only this poor Picture left to tell the Wiſe, All Beauty is but vain. Such ſad Memorials he would oft prefer, of mortal Frailty, and the force of Death; to teach the Fleſh how apt 'tis to Miſtake, and paſs Repentance of till 'tis too late. Thus would he all things treat with ſuch Contempt, that might ſeduce the Soul from heavenly *Love*.

Now, for a while, leave *Guy* to his own Thoughts, and turn your Eyes to view another Subject: To ſee new Sorrows, now look back to *England*; and to long abſent Years commit the other. Leave doleful *Guy* to Cares and aged Grief, and look how *Phælice*, his poor Lady fares Like to a Widow, all in black Attire, ſhe doth expreſs her inward Grief of Heart She of her Chamber does a Priſon make, and unto Sorrow wholly is inclin'd. She that was late the Pride o' th' *Engliſh*

Court

Court, with Majeſty, will now conſort no longer but lives like one that deſpiſes Life's Being, and every Day did dye unto the World: ſeeing his Folly with the Eyes of Judgment, and noting well how fait ſalſe Pleaſures flye, leaving more Pain than they can cauſe Delight. Her Thoughts run after her departed Lord, and are in Motion ſwifter far than he: Where is the place, ſaid ſhe, can give him Reſt, that for his Pilgrimage hath thus forſaken me? Lament, my Soul, under thy heavy Burden,' to think poor *Guy* remembers me in Tears. Methinks he by ſome River-ſide is ſitting, and ſwells the Water with his weeping Eyes: Methiuks he often cries out, *Phælice*, *Phælice*, and Eccho thro' the Skies does carry it; then riſing up with Might and Main, he runs, ſaying, Sweet Eccho bring my Love again. Then comes he to a *Cyprus* Tree, and ſays, *Sylvanus*, This was once the lovely Boy, whom thou didſt praiſe for Feature to the Clouds, but here, alas! thy ſenſeleſs Joys transform'd; 'tis nothing now but Tree, and Boughs, and Leaves, and made to wither as all Beauties be. And then, methinks, full ſadly down he ſits, and on his bended Knees his Elbow ſtays, with Head in Hand, ſaying, Farewel vain Honour, and all the Pleaſure of my youthful Days; my true Repentance

has diſplac'd you all; a happy End brings ſinful Souls to Heaven. Ah worthy Man! that thus canſt mortify thy rebel Fleſh, to conquer *Adam*'s Nature; and that thou bleſt Eternity might'ſt gain, do'ſt live on Earth as but a Stranger in it; dead, though alive; and new-born though grown old; true valiant *Guy*, that has o'ercome the Devil: As thy Advice was, when thou did'ſt go hence, that I a Veſtal Virgin's Life ſhou'd live; although when I was a Maiden, by Love's Art thou did'ſt perſuade me to become a Wife, I vow by Heaven, and him that reigns above, to keep my Thoughts as truly Chaſte as thine: My Beauty all I can I will obſcure by doleful Lamentations, Sighs and Tears; and will by Abſtinence attain the Way to overcome the Forte of Sin's Temptations. This Sentence very often have I read, *A Woman's Chaſtity is Vertue's Queen: Ceres* and *Bacchus* I will ſhun with care; for they are Vertue's Foes, and Vice's Friends; and oft to a licentious Life do lead; but with Sobriety I'll ſtill Aſſociate; and with ſpare Diet take each Day's Repaſt: That Soul thrives beſt, that keeps the Body bare. The courtly Ornaments I wore of late, in honour of King *Athelſtone*'s fair Queen, even all thoſe Jewels and thoſe Robes of State, wherein to others I've appear'd ſo glorious,

ous, ſhall with their Price and Value now ſupply theſe naked Poor that is about the Streets; the Gold and Silver I am now poſſeſs'd of, ſhall all employed be about good Works. The Purchaſe of eternal Happineſs, is of all Wealth moſt precious unto me: All that in Want repair to *Warwick* Caſtle, and crave Relief, ſhall there be ſure to find it. For the Halt, Lame, and Blind, I will provide an Hoſpital, which ſhall be well Endow'd; and for the Widows and the Fatherleſs, a ſpecial Care I will be ſure to take, that their Neceſſities ſupply'd may be; and then, that young Beginners may have wherewithal their Calling to ſet up, I will take care: And for repairing of decay'd High-ways, that Travellers may better paſs the Roads, is alſo what I will take care about. Theſe things I reckon to be the heavenly Thrift, and laying Treaſure up where it can't ruſt; diſpenſing of the Riches we receive, as each good Steward is enjoyn'd to do; that after this ſhort Line of Life is done, we may enjoy a Life that's everlaſting. Farewel, vain World, of thee I take my Leave, and of thoſe things which thou do'ſt moſt eſteem; thy Shews are Snares, deceitful are thy Hopes, and only through falſe Mirrors ſeemeſt fair. O that in ſuch Diſguiſe I cou'd but travel, (as once the King *Sul-*

pitia, did contrive, in Baniſhment to ſee his *Lentulus*) attending on my *Guy*, where-e'er he be: Or, *Hypſicrata* like, in Man's Apparel, following her exil'd King thro' Loves Deſire; twou'd ſomething eaſe my wounded Heart of Sorrow, ſo to divide the Burden which I bear; for where Affliction takes Affliction's part in hard Extreams, ſome Comfort is expreſs'd. And Miſery is more eaſy to divide, when Friends do with Friends divide their Croſſes. But all in vain it is that thus I wiſh; it nought avails, my Woe is ſtill the ſame: Though ſtarving Thoughts do wander here and there, my poor weak Body muſt at Home remain. Unto the Holy Land he's gone to travel, Heaven ſend me thither at my dying Day. I will about my Vows, and ſee them paid. The Good that Charity requires, I'll do; when Grace perſuades us unto Works of Virtue, 'tis Bleſſedneſs to further ſuch Deſires; and while on Earth I do remain a Sinner, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe my God by living well.

In this Reſolve, each Day ſhe ſpends her Life, performing all thoſe things ſhe had propoſed, and ſhewed ſo great Severity therein, that ſhe became the Wonder of her Sex; who were amaz'd, and even quite confounded, to ſee a Lady ſo High born, ſo Rich, and which is more, ſo rare a Beau-

ty too, pouring Contempt upon all wordly Pleaſures: For ſhe was deaf to all her Friend's Perſuaſions, nor unto any wou'd ſhe lend an Ear, that mentioned Company or Recreations, or what ſhe had determin'd, ſought to alter. But ſuch as of Compaſſion wou'd diſcourſe her, ſhe wou'd for bleſſed Jeſus ſake releive.

Mean while her wandring Lord from Land to Land, with weary Steps repairs, to ſeek out places, which pious Pilgrims uſed to frequent, whilſt Age, and Grief, and mournful Languiſhings, with Silver Hairs had crown'd his hoary Head; ſo that good *Guy* was chang'd exceedingly: For Sorrow and ſore Travel gives a Man a Countenance more aged far than they, who with leſs Cares much longer time have liv'd. His old Acquaintance in thoſe foreign Parts, that had his worthy Actions ſeen before, and witneſs been of all his bold Adventures, had loſt Sir *Guy*, as one that ne'er had liv'd: Thoſe that in Armour knew his martial Face, did ne'er expect him in a Fryar's Weed. Amongſt the reſt, to whom well known he'd been, he met Earl *Terry*, now a wandring Exile, each unto other being now grown Strangers; thro' Sorrow, which the Senſes oft deceive, they had forgot that e'er they ſaw each other, tho' *Guy* and *Terry* had ſworn

Brothers been. But having to each other told their Countries, and by what means they Travellers became; and how one was a voluntary Exile, but th'other was constrained to be such; as they were parting with a kind Adieu; O English Man, said *Terry* with a Sigh, I once had a dear Friend thy Countryman, who righted me in my extreamest Wrongs, and was a Champion in the Cause of Justice, and was to every Tyrant a sworn Foe, for on Oppression's Neck he'd set his Foot: Tell me, dear Friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*, that had a Hand to help, a Sword to fight in the behalf of all that were Oppress'd? I have, quoth *Guy*, and knew him many Years, he's Earl of *Warwick* now, and Peer of *England!* What is thy Name? My Name, quoth he, is *Terry*, greater by Birth, than now my Fortune makes me. *Terry*, quoth *Guy*, I vow I'll do thee right, in what I can; my poor Good-will esteem; for I too am a Friend to the Oppress'd; and since thou lov'st my Friend, thy Friend I'll be. Direct me to the Man that is thy Foe, I'll take thy part as far as Strength will go; if *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us, he cou'd but say, I'll venture Life and Friends; and be assur'd, tho' simple I appear, I have oft had as good Success as he. *Terry* with hearty Thanks requites his

Love,

Love, then brings him to his Foes whom he defies, and with his adverſe Champion bravely fights, who by a mortal Wound dies at his Feet. Yet 'twas, it ſeems, a Man of matchleſs VVorth, who for that Combat they had ſingled out. VVhen this was done, the Earl demands his Name; Pardon, quoth *Guy*, that were againſt my Vow; to no Man living I'll my Name reveal, for I have now both Name and Nature chang'd. Nature's Corruption now my Strife's to leave, and to receive a new Regeneration.

Farewel, my Friend, if we on Earth don't meet,
In Heav'n hereafter we'll each other greet.

So he towards *Judea*'s ground departs, to ſee *Samaria*, and *Galilee*; Places which Chriſtian Pilgrims much frequent becauſe their Saviour's Choice was to be there; and there he to Redeem our Loſs did ſuffer, even from the Manger to the bloody Croſs. Much time *Guy* ſpent, and many Years beſtow'd, in travelling about from place to place, ſurveying each place in the Holy Land, that all his Friends in *England* now ſuppos'd that he among the Living was no more. For from all Pilgrims that had back return'd, of Noble *Guy* no Tydings could be heard: This put the World to Silence, Men were Mute, becauſe of *Guy* they knew

not what to ſay: That dreadful Champion, that when in bright Armour ſtruck ſuch a Terror whereſoe'er he came, was neither known nor fear'd in ſimple Grey; but did endeavour all that e'er he could, ne'er to be known to any mortal Wight: For unto none would he diſcloſe his Name, nor tell unto what Country he belong'd. His noble Thoughts in his own Breaſt conceal'd, his chief Deſign was to remain Obſcure:

Until by native Love, his Mind was led
To lay his Bones where he at firſt was bred.

CHAP. XIV.

How Guy *returned into* England, *which he found invaded by the Danes; and how he undrtook to fight with* Colebron, *a Daniſh Giant, whom he kill'd; upon which the Daniſh Army was Overthrown, and forc'd to fly the Land. And how* Guy *afterwards betook himſelf to a ſolitary Cave, where he liv'd unknown.*

AS the moſt bright and glorious ſhining Day will have a Night of Darkneſs to ſucceed, in which the Earth will be wrapt up in Clouds, and all the World be cloathed in Sable Weeds, preſenting us with drouſy heavy Sleep, to keep the Thoughts of Death in memory: So Youth, the

the Day of Nature's Strength and Beauty, which had a Splendor like the Eye of Heaven, muſt yield to Fate, by the great Law of Nature, when Length of Years ſhall bring Life's Evening on. This Cogitation dwelt in *Guy*'s ſage Breaſt, and made him, when he was in *Paleſtine*, think of returning to his Native Country. He found himſelf to be well ſtruck in Years, and that his Glaſs had but few Sands to run, before the Cloſe of his declining Days; and therefore he to *England* comes at laſt, there to be Buried where he had been Born; for this was all the Cauſe that drew him back; to end his Days there where they firſt begun: That his poor Body, after all his Toils, through the World, no Reſting-place had found, in Engliſh Ground at laſt might ſafely reſt.

Being arriv'd upon his Native Shore, his Country in extream Diſtreſs he found; for in each place great ſtore of armed Troops againſt the Foe was got in readineſs. The King of *Denmark*, to deſtroy the Realm, a mighty Army had ſecurely landed, who, with incredible Deſtruction, march'd, laying the Country waſte, and burning Towns, and filling all the Nation full of Terror; which forc'd King *Athelſtone* for his Security, with his ſmall Forces to retire to *Wincheſter*; which when

the Danes once knew, they thither went, and with their War-like-Troops ſet down before it. But that was far too ſtrong for them to take; their Walls of Stone were then invincible, nor had they Cannon-Keys to let them in. The Monk's Invention was not then found out, of murdering Men by Wholeſale with their Gunpowder: A Soldier then that would attain to Honour, by manly Strokes could only purchaſe it.

Beholding now how oft they were repuls'd, by thoſe ſtrong Salleys that the Engliſh made, and that they were not like to take the City, they beat a Parley, and therein propos'd, that they were willing to decide their Quarrel by ſingle Combat, to ſave ſhedding Blood, between a Dane and an Engliſh Man; to which, when both Sides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty Giant of a prodigious Stature, demanding where the Foxes all were hid; ſaying, If there be one dare meet me here, that for his Country will his Valour ſhow, let him come forth, and try with me his Manhood; or elſe the Engliſh are the worſt of Cowards: For Craven Cocks on their own Dunghils will both Crow and Strike before they Run and Cry. Is Engliſh Courage now become ſo low, that none will fight? Are you ſo fearful grown? Then I pro-

pronounce you all faint-hearted Fools, afraid to look upon a Martial Man. O what prodigious Lyes in foreign Lands, of theſe Mens Valours have I heard repeated! What great Atchievements have they oft perform'd, if Lyes be true? But they are ſadly ſlander'd: For in their Feet their Valour chiefly lies, for they with them can ſwiftly run away. They have an ancient Proverb to inſtruct them, *That 'tis beſt ſleeping in a whole Skin.* Thus did he vaunt in Terms of high Diſdain; and threw down's Gauntlet, ſaying, There's my Glove.

All this and more, *Guy* unperceiv'd had heard, and for his Country's ſake could bear no longer the inſulting Boaſts of this proud Daniſh Monſter: And therefore ſtraight-way goes unto the King; and thus he in his Pilgrim's Weeds addreſſes him; Dread Lord! Tho' in this ſimple Habit hid, this proud inſulting Foe I beg to Combat; for tho' I ſeem unfit for what I ask, I ne'er attempted ought but what I did: And therefore doubt not but to free your Kingdom from the Invaſion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boaſted Champion.

To whom the Royal *Athelſtone* reply'd, Palmer, thou ſeem'ſt to be a Man of Courage; but I fear for *Colebron* thou art much

too

too Weak: Ah! I remember once I had a Champion upon whoſe Head my Crown I wou'd have ventur'd; but valiant *Guy*, alas! is now no more. Had he been here, I'd not been thus diſtreſs'd.

To which *Guy* thus reply'd, Great *Athelſtone*, Truſt me for once, for tho' I am unknown, 'tis a juſt Cauſe, in which I do engage; and Heaven does ſtill both favour and ſucceed the juſteſt Side. I cannot ſee one brave an Engliſh King, but aged as I am, my Blood is fir'd; and nothing but his Head ſhall be to me Satisfaction for the Affront.

At which bold Speech of *Guy*'s, the King amaz'd, and wondring at the Greatneſs of his Spirit, ſaid, Palmer, I accept thee for my Champion and thou alone ſhall be the Man on whom I am reſolved to venture *England*'s Crown. And thereupon order'd immediately that his own Armour ſhould be brought; which *Guy*, having retir'd, ſoon put on; then girting his maſſy Sword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave; the King aſſuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whoſe great Cauſe he was engaged now, would be his ſtrong Defence, and give him Victory. *Amen*, quoth *Guy*, and with great Courage goes from *Winchester*'s North gate unto *Hide-mead*, where he ſoon found that Mon-

Monſter of a Man, treading two Yard Ground at every Step.

Art thou, the Giant cry'd, that mig

Man, on whom the King will venture *England*'s Crown? VVhat, can he find for me no fitter Match than this poor Raſcal in a thread-bare Coat? VVhere's all his worthy Knights and Champions now? A VVretch ſo baſe as thou art I diſdain.

Giant, ſaid *Guy*, I matter not thy VVords, for hadſt thou Manhood, thus thou woud'ſt not Rail, nor ſpend with Blaſts of empty VVind thy Breath. A Soldier's Weapon beſt his Tale can tell. Thy Deſtiny thou on my Sword ſhall find, which whilſt thou'ſt Drops to bleed, will let thee Blood: And thus I to chaſtize thee will begin. And thereupon ſuch

Blows

s he on him laid, that *Colebron* never felt the like before; who with Club waited to meet his Sword, inding to have broke it with one Blow. t *Guy* was well aware of his Design, by his own Agility prevented him; therefore boldly he about him laid, the Lubbard's Breath was almost . For with a weighty Club did *Cole-* fight, which missing of his Blow, fell the Ground, and the very Earth itself ve way, so pondrous was the Strokes hat he design'd. So long they held this wrathful furious Fight, that the Spectators knew not what to judge; tho' *Guy* in *Colebron* still fresh Wounds bestow'd, as a Presage of his ensuing Victory; and by his Activity escap'd the Danger with which each Blow of *Colebron*'s threatned him. At last, quoth *Colebron*, English Man forbear, and sue for Mercy, e'er I strike thee down. Villain, quoth *Guy*, thy Coward's Fear I scorn, I'll have thy Life, or it my own shall cost. We'll ne'er part, till one be Conqueror: The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head, and therefore I'll not yield an Inch to thee, for all the Wrath that *Denmark* e'er cou'd boast: Thou shalt find Metal in these aged Limbs; altho' thy Body bulkier be than mine, I have a Heart bigger than thine

by

by odds. Think on thy ancient Grandſire *Gogmagog*, who was at *Dover* fought by *Corinæus*, and by that worthy Britain overcome, tho' he with Boldneſs like to thine had challeng'd him; and as he then was ſerv'd, ſo ſhalt thou now. And thereupon, *Guy* gave him ſuch a Stroke, it made wide Ruptures in the Giant's Fleſh, and very much provok'd his furious Choller, laying about him with the utmoſt Bage; mean time *Guy* manag'd both his Parts ſo well, which was, to lay on a Load upon his Foe, and ſave himſelf from his deſtructive Blows, that he at length gave *Colebron* ſuch a Wound, that on the Earth he tumbled in his Gore; whilſt with his Blood, his Soul departed hence, and in the ſooty Regions took freſh Quarters.

Forthwith a Shout from out of the Town was heard, that made the Welkin eccho back the Sound, which joyful was to every Engliſh Heart, and brought as great a Terror to the Danes, who with the utmoſt Grief away departed.

King *Athelſtone* then for his Champion ſent, to do him Honour for this great Exploit; who by the Clergy-men was firſt receiv'd with that Solemnity his Worth deſerv'd, and next by all the Nobles was embrac'd, and entertained with Trumpets, Drums, and other Martial Muſick.

But

But *Guy* in these things took but little Pleasure, refusing costly Ornaments and Jewels as things that he was out of love withal. To God he only gave the Praise of All, Blessing his Name that thus had given him Power to free his Country from invading Foes: And so intreats that he unknown might pass, to live where Poverty regards not Wealth, and he beholding to the Help of none, and there, by stealth, sometime to view the World; *For true Content doth bring so great a Treasure, it makes the Beggar richer than the King.* With true Content will I abide, said he, in homely Cottage free from all Resort: For I have found within a Monarch's Court, Content can ne'er long be made to dwell. No, there's Ambition, Pride, and envy there, and fawning Flattery stepping still between. Yet, gentle Palmer, said the King, I pray, that thou at least wilt so far honour me, as where-ever thou resolvest to abide, as to acquaint me with thy Name in Private, which is the only Boon I ask of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I'll ask no more, and on my Royal Word, I will conceal it.

Why then, said he, if it may please your Majesty, I am your Subject, *Guy* of *Warwick* nam'd, that have for many Years not seen your Land, but been where Youth by Age and Travels tam'd: Yet there, dread Prince,

Prince, Experience taught me Wit, and of the Follies of the World convinc'd me. And now I am return'd to make my Grave within that Kingdom which firſt gave me Life. Yet ſhall no Creature elſe have the leaſt Notice of my Arrival; no, not my dear Wife, till Sickneſs comes, ſuch as does threaten Death; then I'll acquaint her of my laſt Farewel.

The King thus having heard what *Guy* had ſaid, went to him, and with Joy in's Arms embrac'd him; and with great Admiration anſwers thus: Moſt worthy Earl, Preſerver of thy Country, it grieves my Soul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy Reſolutions were to make, that my Perſuaſions might prevent thy Vow! But 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I ſee, and thou art fix'd in thy Determination. Well, worthy Man, in this I Joy however, that to thy Native Soil thou bringeſt thy Bones; where ſtanding Monuments of thy great Deeds ſhall laſt unto the World's remoteſt Ages. In *Warwick* Caſtle ſhall thy Sword be lodg'd, to witneſs to the World what thou haſt been. And leſt the future Age ſhould grow neglectful in the preſerving of thy Memory, the Caſtle-keeper ſhall receive a Salary, which I my ſelf will ſtraightways ſettle on him, to keep thy Sword in Memory of thee, Thy

Armour

Armour likewiſe, and thy Martial Spear, which did thee Service in thy high Deſigns ſhall all be carefully preſerv'd there; that all ſuch Men as have diſtruſtful Thoughts, may think (if from a Truth it did not ſpring) a King would ſcorn to cheat his People ſo. And in thy Chappel, (diſtant thence a Mile) a Bone ſhall hang of that devouring Beaſt, which did ſo long near *Coventry* remain, whoſe Rib by Meaſure, at leaſt ſix Foot, deſtroying many that did that way paſs, until thy Valiant Arm the Savage ſlew. By Tradition it may down be handed, and unto thoſe that thither comes reported, This was *Guy*'s Armour, this his maſſy Blade. Theſe Bones of murdering Beaſts which he o'ercame; and this the Tomb whereon his Corps were ſafe depoſited: This the true Picture of his Shade at Length; and this the Spear that of his Strength did witneſs. For ſure I hold it as a thing ungrateful; (when thy Remains ſhall mouldred be to Duſt) if none ſhall cauſe ſome Muſe to ſing thy Fame, and tell the Worth of *Guy*, that Engliſh Hero. Thy Countrymen cannot ſo forgetful be, when out of Sight, to leave thee out of Mind, when thou for them haſt done ſuch mighty things.

This ſaid, in humble Duty, wondrous meek, *Guy* with a lowly Reverence left

the

the King, to ſeek ſome ſolitary Cave or Den, which he unto his Manſion-houſe converted; and buried whilſt alive he poorly lives; making his Meat of wholeſome Herbs and Roots. Sometimes he would repair to *Warwick* Caſtle, and crave an Alms at his dear Lady's Hand; who Pilgrims did more Bounty ſhow, than any Lady in the Land beſide. And ſhe would ask all Palmers that came there, if they were ever in the Holy Land: Or, if they in their Travels had ſeen an Engliſhman, Lord of that noble Caſtle, who many Years from hence had been away? He was a Knight that ne'er was conquered yet, by any human Power: I only fear one cruel Tyrant who is called Death; if he has met him, then, my deareſt Lord, I never ſhall behold thy Face again, until that Monſter do as much for me, and ſo unite our Hearts again together: Which gracious Heaven grant; if *Guy* be dead, O let me on the Earth no longer ſtay. Thus often did he hear his Wife enquiring, with deep Complaints, from extream Paſſion flowing, yet by no means would grant her kind Requeſt, nor yet beſtow one hopeful Word of Comfort; but yet would view her, as if's Heart would break; then, to prevent his ſpeaking turn away; and ſo even weeping, to his Cell depart, there placing 'fore

his

his Eyes a dead Man's Head; saying, With thee I'll shortly come to dwell, and therefore do despise this sinful Flesh: My Soul is weary of a Guest so bad, and therefore doth at Rest desire to be. My Strength is from my feeble Limbs departed, and Sickness now begins to gripe my Heart: My Happiness is now apace approaching, and I'm in hope my Foe and I shall part. Long time, alas! I've fed this Adversary, by whom my Soul hath misled so oft. To my dear *Phœbe* I will send my Ring, which I to keep did promise for her sake. I now no longer will the Time defer, for fear lest Death surprize me unawares. Methinks I feel his Messenger approach, and poor weak Nature must be forc'd to yield.

Then called a Herdsman, as he passed by, and said, Good Friend, One Kindness I desire of thee, and hope thou'lt not deny it me, for 'tis a Matter that concerns me highly: It is that thou'lt repair to *Warwick* Castle, and for the Countess ask with trusty Care, and then into her Hand this Ring deliver, and say the ancient Pilgrim sent it her, that lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand, to beg an Alms in blessed Jesus's Name. And if she ask thee where I may be found, direct her hither; she'll Reward thee well.

Sir, said the Herdsman, I shall be asham'd, who

who ne'er yet ſpake to a Lady in my Life; beſides, I may perhaps come into Trouble to carry Rings to the Earl of *Warwick*'s Counteſs: And then, ſay I ſhould loſe it by the way, what would the Counteſs, or yourſelf, ſay to me?

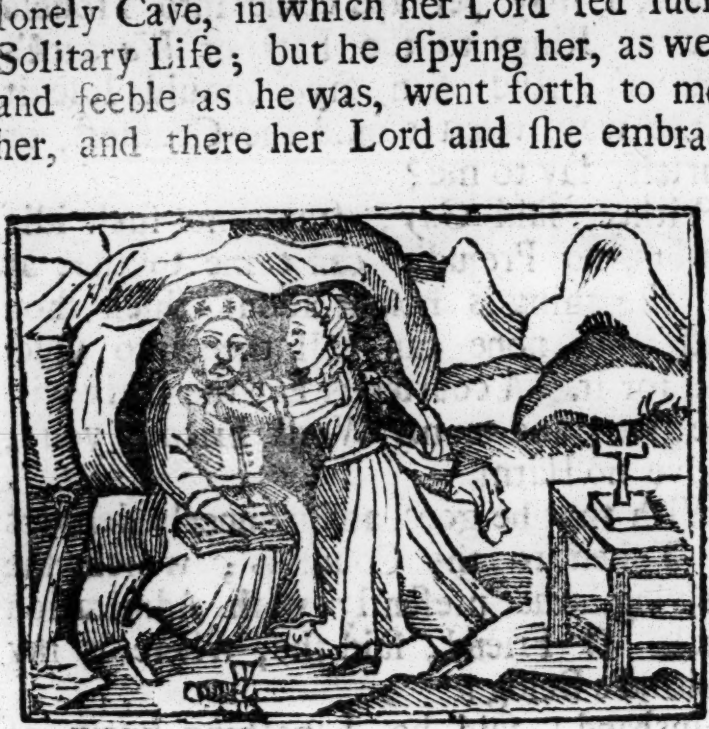
Prithee, ſaid *Guy*, frame no ſuch idle Doubts, no Prejudice can come to thee at all; the thing is honeſt about which thou goeſt, and none can call thee into Queſtion for it. A courteous Ear the Lady will thee give; and on my Word, Friend, you'll receive no Harm.

With that he goes, and mannerly delivers the Token to the Counteſs; which ſhe receiving, was preſently with Admiration ſtruck. O Friend, ſaid ſhe, where is my Husband's Being?

Husband! ſaid he; I nothing know of that. 'Twas from an ancient Beggar I received the Ring, whoſe Houſe I cannot well deſcribe; for it is made neither of Wood nor Stone, but under-ground he went into a Hole: And, in my Conſcience, there alone he dwells, and never pays his Landlord Quarter's Rent.

Ah! 'tis my *Guy*, ſaid ſhe; ſhew me his Cell, and for thy Pains I'll very well Reward thee. And then ordering her Steward to give the Meſſenger a hundred Marks for bringing her thoſe welcom Tydings,

dings, she straight went with him to the lonely Cave, in which her Lord led such a Solitary Life; but he espying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her Lord and she embrac'd



each other, and wept awhile e're they cou'd speak a word: And after a good space that they'd been silent, *Guy* first the Doors of Sorrow thus did break:

Phælice, said he, now take thy Leave of *Guy*; who sent to see thee, e'er his Sight decays: Within thy Arms I do intreat to dye, and breathe my Spirit hence from thy sweet Soul. 'Tis not long since to me thou gav'st Alms at *Warwick*'s Castle-gate. 'Tis Blessedness poor Mens Estate to pity. Look not so strange, my Dear, Lament

not

not ſo. Ah! Weep not, Love, I do not want thy Tears; for ſince my coming here, I've Plenty ſhed of Tears of true Remorſe, Conſcience knows. Thou weep'ſt not now, becauſe I wept no more; but to behold me Friendleſs, Poor, and Wretched. My Love, I've ſought the Place that I deſire, tho' few endeavour for eternal Reſt. The Soul which unto Heaven doth aſpire, and only ſeeks after celeſtial Things, muſt leave the World, and all its fading Joys, and all the Vanities thereof deteſt: For could we ſee it with a ſpiritual Eye, we ſhould diſcern it full of nought but Devils, that always lye in wait to ruin Souls; and to that end are always laying Baits to trap, and to enſnare 'em. O *Phælice!* I have ſpent (and then he wept) Youth, Nature's Day, upon the Love of thee; and for my God have kept old rotten Age, the Night of Nature: Chriſt my Sin forgive. Sorrow for this lies heavy on my Soul. O bleſſed Saviour, pardon my Miſdeeds, in that I have deſtroy'd ſo many Men, even for one Woman, to enjoy her Love. And therefore in this ſolitary Cave, with God above, I ſought my Peace to make; 'Gainſt whom, I have been more miſled by Sin, than all the Hairs upon my Head can number. The other Day, finding my Body ill, and all the Parts thereof with Pain oppreſs'd,

I did compose this Will and Testament, to be the last that ever I Ordain. Lo here it is, and if I can, I'll read it, before I cease to be a living Man.

His Last Will and Testament.

EVen in the Name of Him, whose mighty Power did Heaven, and Earth, and all Things else create, as one that is this instant Hour to dye, I do with an unfeigned Heart and Mind, leave both the World, and every thing therein. My Soul I give to Him that gave it me: Receive it, Jesus, as in Thee I trust. I owe a Debt of Life that's due to Death, and when I have paid him, he can ask no more. 'Tis but a little Breath, a very Vapour, and I could wish he'd had it long ago. But here's my Comfort, whensoe'er he comes, 'tis ready for him, tho' he calls to Day. I owe the World that Stock of Wealth is lent me, when I at first began to Traffick with it. Less would have given Nature more Content: 'Tis Happiness to want a Rich Man's Name. The World leaves me Naked, as I came into it; I ask but one poor Sheet to wrap me in! I do bequeath my numberless Transgressions, my Sins and Evils, tho' they are so many, that they exceed the

Boun-

Bounds of all Arithmetick, thoſe paſt, thoſe preſent, all that are to come, to him that made 'em Loads to burden me, Satan, receive them, for from thee they came. I give good Thoughts, and every virtuous Action, that every Grace hath guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that's Good. For only Evil I by Nature do; being conceived, bred and born in Sin, and all my Life has been moſt vile and vain. I give to Sorrow all my Sighs and Tears, fetch'd from the Bottom of a bleeding Heart. I give Repentance, Tears, and watry Eyes, of a true Convert, an unfeigned Sight. Let Earth, or Sea, a Grave, yield to my Body, ſo Jeſus to my Soul grant Room in Heaven.

Phœlice, I faint: Farewel, my Loyal Spouſe; thy Husband dies, aſſiſt me with thy Prayers. I truſt to meet thee in a better Life, where Tears from weeping Eyes ſhall wiped be. Come, bleſſed Spirit, come in Jeſus Name, receive, and then convey my Soul to Heaven. With theſe laſt Words Death clos'd his Eyes, and he to his Creator his bleſt Soul reſign'd, while mournful *Phœlice*, well nigh dead with Grief, to Sorrow all her Senſes did abandon, and with [illegible] Tears drowns her departed Lord; beat [illegible] Breaſt, till Breaſt and Heart were [illegible], wringing her Hands till ſhe no more could ſtrive Then Sighing, ſaid, Ah

cruel, cruel Death, the diſmal, doleful Cauſe of all my Sorrows, thou haſt deprived me of my deareſt Lord! Since loathſom Air my Vital Spirits draw, this Favour, Tyrant is all that I deſire, That thou to recompence me for my Loſs, would ſtrike that Stroke which all my Cares may kill: Let me not live to ſee to Morrow Light, but make me bloodleſs, cold, and wan, and as this dead Carcaſs that before me lyes, this true Deſcription of a mortal Man:

Whoſe Deeds of Wonder, paſt and gone before,
Hath left him now at Death's dark Priſon door.

Kiſſing his Face with a Farewel of Tears, ſhe leaves the Body for the Grave to claim, and from that Place ſhe bears as Sad a Soul as any of her Sex on that Occaſion, was ever known to do. Her real Grief ſoon ſending her to her departed Lord: Living but fifteen Days after his Death, and then, thro' extream Sorrow, follow'd him.

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